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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE General Election has come and gone, with results which seem to us highly satisfactory. Though the returns are not complete as we go to press, the general situation is not likely to be greatly altered. The figures available are :—

Unionists	341
Independent Liberals	58
National Liberals	47
Labour Party	136
Independents	9

It is true that there is no bloated majority for Mr. Bonar Law, but, on the other hand, he will have quite enough Parliamentary strength to keep him in office without loss of dignity and efficiency till he and his colleagues have accomplished the great task committed to them—that of clearing up the blunders of the late Prime Minister and putting the national house in thorough order and repair. The need for that work is acknowledged on all sides. While it is being done the great majority of the new House of Commons will at heart have no desire to turn Mr. Bonar Law out.

Under the working of the Party System a man of Mr. Bonar Law's moderate, reasonable and unspectacular personality is at his strongest without too large a majority. It will enable him to do the spade work of retrenchment and administrative reform without pressure from a top-heavy majority. Top-heavy majorities are sure to clamour for launching out into legislative adventures which often had much better not be attempted. Those who take a superficial view of the situation may think that he will be in danger, but those who look closer and deeper will note that there are plenty of people among his apparent opponents who would be most reluctant to bring down his Government. As things are at present, that would mean putting in power one whom for various reasons they dread much more than they dread Mr. Bonar Law.

Only very timid or very anxiously-minded people will be alarmed or depressed by the considerable number of seats gained by the Labour Party. For ourselves, we not only accept with loyalty the decision of the voters in the various places where Labour won the battle, but are glad that the Labour Party should come back in strength proportionate to the number of voters who evidently support its policies in the country. If a fourth of the voters in the constituencies vote Labour, it is only right that Labour should have nearly a hundred and fifty members. To us these figures prove the great good sense of the working-classes of this country, taken as a whole. If when the Labour Party is making a special effort it can hardly get the support of a fourth of the electorate while those opposed to its policy get that of more than three-quarters, why should we complain? In other words, unless we are so weak or so foolish that we cannot prevent minority rule, the people to be depressed are certainly not those opposed to the Labour Party programme.

In this context, however, we do desire to point out that the time has arrived, or, at any rate, is approaching very rapidly, when we ought to make our Constitution safe for Democracy. The way to do that is to make the Poll of the People one of our national institutions. In Switzerland, where the system of a popular veto exists, the project for a Capital Levy is about to be put to the electors as a whole. Here, as we have no Referendum, it is quite possible that owing to Parliamentary manœuvres a minority might get hold of the legislative machine and force upon the nation a measure to which the majority were, in fact, strongly opposed.

We note that an appreciable number of Labour seats were gained owing to the fact that the anti-Labour vote was split. In a good many constituencies the Labour vote, that is the vote which carried the day, was several thousands smaller than the combined vote for the Unionists and Independent Liberals who fought in the triangular battle. Such an anomaly ought, of course, to be in the first place corrected by Proportional Representation. But even after that the Referendum is needed to check the real drawback of representative institutions—log-rolling agreements.

There could be no more dramatic proof of the collapse of Mr. Lloyd George's political army than the defeat of Mr. Churchill. He has always been the most restless element among Mr. Lloyd George's followers. He and the late Prime Minister constantly acted and reacted upon one another. During the war Mr. Churchill was continually hatching dangerous plans, many of them, we are sure, prompted and coloured by his own well-known personal courage; and it is known now that the flaming and most inopportune manifesto which the late Government published on the Near Eastern crisis was written by him. What better illustration could we have of the nation's desire for caution and rest than the sensational refusal of Dundee to have anything more to do with Mr. Churchill?

At a time like the present, when the country's mind is set on moderation and the Left-Centre or Whig tendency prevails, there is no one who represents the nation better than Lord Grey of Fallodon. Proof of what we say is to be found in the admirable speech which he made at Alnwick on Monday in support of Mr. Runciman, and in which he dealt with "the old Coalition." The context shows that he meant, thereby, Mr. Lloyd George's Administration—the Administration which contained Mr. Lloyd George's faithful followers, Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir William Sutherland. His bogy in politics, he declared, was that he was "afraid of the old Coalition coming back again."

"He was very sure Mr. Lloyd George's sword would be exercised after the election, perhaps not immediately, but in no very long time, against any Government of which Mr. Lloyd George was not a member. He (Lord Grey) had never accused the Conservative Party of a desire to snatch a Party advantage in driving out the Coalition, or of committing a crime against the nation. He thought the new Government were approaching the subject of foreign affairs in an unostentatious, straightforward manner, which led him to hope that foreign affairs might again become, as they were for many years, a non-Party question. He would like to see an independent Liberal Government in power, or, failing that, an independent Conservative Government."

It was characteristic of Lord Grey's fairness and common sense to give so good a testimonial to those opposed to him from the Party point of view.

We have noticed elsewhere certain aspects of the condition of Ireland to-day, but may mention here the manifesto put forth on their return to Northern Ireland by the "Ulster Association for Peace with Honour." It is in the following excellent language that they state their convictions:—

"To fail to appreciate Ulster's position now may be fraught with grave danger, not only to Ulster herself but to the Empire of which she is an integral part. Ulster is not Ireland any more than London is England. She is part of the United Kingdom, and, having been given a Parliament of her own, she wants to be left alone to carry on the work entrusted to her by the Imperial Parliament without difficulties being placed in her way. That is all she asks."

Note that here, as always, there is not the slightest suggestion of any right on the part of Northern Ireland to veto self-determination in the rest of Ireland.

The policy of evacuating Palestine, and that as soon as possible, has found strong support during the Elections. If the Government had any doubt as to the feeling of the country on the subject, they can have none now. In ordinary circumstances we admit that this would not be a ground for immediate action, and that the official plea for going slowly and for "a policy of close and cautious examination" should command sympathy and attention. There are, however, strong reasons in the present case for promptness. We have always felt that we might easily be put in a most dangerous and humiliating position if the Palestine Arabs, tired of appealing to us, appealed directly to Kemal and the Angora Government, making their appeal both racial and religious.

In that event we might receive a demand from the Angora Government—which, remember, is always anxious to pose as the guardian of Mohammedanism throughout the world—that would expose us, as we have said, to humiliation and danger. The rejection of the demand might lead to an insurrection in Palestine, encouraged and supported by the Angora Government. This would require us to send large bodies of troops to Palestine and to spend money lavishly. We might indeed soon find that we had thrown away another five or six hundred millions on a thankless and indeed impossible task. We must as a nation come to an immediate decision about the evacuation of Palestine and the transfer or abandonment of the mandate. If the decision is for leaving Palestine as soon as possible, as we trust it will be, we should instantly announce it to the world, and so anticipate the dangers that we have described.

To show that we are not suffering from bad dreams, we may quote a remarkable item of news contributed by the Sofia correspondent of the *Jewish Chronicle*. He learns from Constantinople that the Angora Government has made a confidential request to the Chief Rabbi of Turkey to organize a Jewish demand for the transfer of the mandate for Palestine to Turkey. The Chief Rabbi replied that the Rabbinate always held aloof from political questions. A request, it is alleged, was then made that a delegation, representing Turkish Jewry, should be sent to the Lausanne Conference to claim Palestine for the Turks. No decision on this point has yet been taken. The correspondent closes this strange story with a menacing paragraph declaring that the action by the Angora Government is generally understood to mean "that an understanding has been come to between the Palestine Arabs and the Turks with the object of getting rid of the British." If ever a knot required a clean cut and a quick cut it is that of Palestine.

We sincerely hope that the British Government will not follow the advice which is sure to be given to them by the worldly-wise—to beware of offending International Jewry. In the first place, a large part of International and also British Jewry is immune to the Zionist bacillus, though it greatly dreads the disease. Next, we shall never get on satisfactory terms with Jewish financiers by showing ourselves afraid of them. Nations, like men, should remember that the lenders are at heart quite as eager to lend as borrowers to borrow. Besides, we are not in the least financially dependent upon International Jewish capital. We can paddle our own canoe in the hidden river of gold and paper.

The complete returns in the American Congressional elections show that the new Congress will be constituted as follows:—

SENATE.

Republicans	53
Democrats	42
Farmer Labour	1
Republican majority	10

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Republicans	225
Democrats	207
Socialist	1
Farmer Labour	1
Independent	1
Republican majority	15

The *Times* correspondent remarks that the rebuff to the Republican Party is almost entirely due to domestic conditions. Deflation as decreed by the Federal Reserve Board and high freight rates have hit the farmers west of the Mississippi. The eastern seaboard has been specially hard hit by the new Tariff. And everywhere the steady increase of taxation is a grievance. Prohibition is also a grievance in some States. The appearance of "Radical" elements in the new Congress, the correspondent thinks, is likely to affect the attitude of the President and the State Department towards foreign policy. The plan of holding aloof from the rest of the world is judged to have been a failure. If this is the meaning of the elections it is very important, and of course not one that we regret.

The dissolution Honours were published last Saturday. Lord Birkenhead and Lord Farquhar become Earls and Lord Lee and Lord Leverhulme Viscounts. We should be more pleased if Lord Birkenhead had received an

earldom for the legal work he has done as Lord Chancellor, which indeed has been admirable, than for his efforts as a statesman. The official list, however, describes the honour as being conferred "for political services." Sir John Bethell, Sir Edward Goulding, Sir Joseph Maclay and Colonel F. B. Mildmay become Peers. Sir Ernest Pollock, the late Attorney-General, is among the new Baronets. Sir Philip Sassoon becomes a G.B.E.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at Newcastle last Saturday, was distinctly encouraging. He said that he was "quietly confident" of the future and was certain that the Government would be able to cut down expenditure and to give "material relief to the over-burdened taxpayer." He thought that though better times were coming it was doubtful whether we should see prices much lower. He appealed, therefore, to all employers to give out any work involving capital expenditure as soon as possible and not to hold it up for lower prices and better times. The Government, he declared, were going to make the phrase "Empire Development" live.

Just before midnight on Friday, November 10th, there was a violent earthquake in Chile, which affected the whole country between Antofagasta and Valdivia, a distance from north to south of more than a thousand miles. The shock was much more severe in the north, where there was great destruction of property and thousands of people were rendered homeless. A large part of the town of Coquimbo was destroyed. No doubt many lives were lost, though the first reports were exaggerated. The chief feature of the disturbance was a series of huge seismic waves which flowed in from the sea and carried several vessels inland, leaving them in some places high and dry on high ground. The disturbance of the bed of the sea must have been extreme, as the captain of the British steamer 'Lobos,' according to the Valparaiso correspondent of the *Times*, reported that after the earthquake he found a depth of only 86 fathoms where 2,800 fathoms were marked on the chart.

A strange attempt to kill Sir William Horwood, the Commissioner of Police, by means of poisoned sweets, was made on Thursday, November 9th. Sir William Horwood was preparing to go to the Lord Mayor's Banquet when a box of chocolates arrived, and he at once ate one of the sweets. Shortly afterwards he became extremely ill. It was at first supposed that he was suffering from some kind of seizure or heart attack, and it was not until he had been removed in an ambulance that traces of arsenical poisoning were noticed. It has been a subject of general comment that Sir William Horwood should have been so incautious as to eat anything out of a box which came anonymously, particularly as other attempts to poison members of the Commissioner's staff had recently been made. It has been explained, however, that Sir William Horwood was the victim of an astonishing coincidence. His birthday had fallen a day or two before and one of his relations had promised to send him a box of chocolates.

The Ninety-second Quarterly Report of the General Federation of Trade Unions states that the decline in the number of members is still causing anxiety, though possibly the defections are more apparent than real. Mr. W. A. Appleton, the wise and able secretary of the Federation—a man to whom Labour is under immense obligations, though many of the extremists seem to be unaware of it—draws interesting contrasts between employment in countries which have saved their currencies and employment in countries where the currency has "gone smash." He urges that every possible step should be taken to rehabilitate the resources of stricken countries, whether they were our enemies or not. "Neither atrophied nations nor poverty-stricken peoples can buy things we have to sell. Whatever passion says on this subject should be overborne by reason." The financial position of the General Federation is better than anyone dared to hope a year ago. There is a reserve of £65,339.

A "fog expert," Dr. J. S. Owens, writing in the *Daily Express* of Wednesday, stated that the fog which has been with us for almost a week, though by no means one of the worst, had already cost London more than £500,000 in extra light and heat, in extra washing, and in loss to the shops, restaurants and theatres, and the workmen unable to work. This is an estimate only of what might be called direct loss. It does not include the terrible deterioration of most structures and fabrics in London and most metal work, or, again, the loss of human life and the impairment of health caused by black fogs. What is the remedy? To find a remedy, one must look for the cause. The harm is caused by the deposit of millions of particles of soot. How can this deposit be prevented? Only by using gas, electricity, mineral oil, or coal from which the soot and smoke elements have been abstracted.

The *Times* of Friday, November 10th, published from its agricultural correspondent a fascinating account of an English venture in fur-farming on Dartmoor. There are similar enterprises in Northumberland and Rossshire, but there is no other so far south as Devonshire. A beginning has been made with sixty-six black skunks, which the correspondent says seemed to be thoroughly at home. Most of them were bred in Northumberland, but some have been imported from Canada and the United States. The first thing the skunks did on their arrival was to exterminate all the rabbits. They made a clean sweep in twenty-four hours. They then set to work upon the mice and beetles. They found so much food, indeed, that they had not much appetite for the usual provided meals. In this Devonshire farm the name of skunk, "so odious in its application," is being deprived of its most sinister significance, as a simple and harmless operation deprives the animals of their power to use their "nauseous artillery." It is said that when the skunk has been thus treated it is "tamer than its better known relatives." We fancy, however, that many Americans and Canadians would read this with surprise, as the skunk in its natural state is distinctly less shy than the other members of the weasel species.

Another interesting point is that Colonel Chute, the manager of the farm, hopes by Mendelian principles to remove all white from the fur of the skunks. The correspondent points out in effect that the skunk is a most labour-saving animal. It is invaluable in plantations, as it is wonderfully efficient at keeping down pests, and as it hibernates in the winter, the workers who might otherwise have been attending to the skunks are free to work in the plantations. But is it not true that the skunk hibernates only when the weather is extremely cold? If so, the saving of labour might not be very apparent in a mild Devonshire winter. We hope that the farm will succeed, and we shall then look for a transference of some of the silver foxes from Northumberland to Devonshire.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent., changed from 3½ per cent. July 13, 1922; 5 per cent. War Loan was on Thursday, 99; Thursday week, 98¾; a year ago, 88.

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

By EVELYN WRENCH.

THE extraordinary interest which the American public takes in British affairs nowadays is illustrated by the amount of news about the British Election which the American correspondents in London are sending to their journals. During the past three weeks several of the more important speeches by the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George have been cabled to journals like the *New York Times* and *Philadelphia Public Ledger* practically verbatim. The eagerness with which Americans are following events is attributed by Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, the correspondent of the *Saturday Evening Post*, to the fact that Mr. Lloyd George is the British politician best known to Americans since Gladstone. Whatever the cause may be, the truth is that the American Press is spending sums of money on its cable service undreamt of not long ago and is second to none in the extent and accuracy of its foreign news. The writer recalls discussing in New York sixteen years ago the lack of British news in the American Press with the late Mr. W. H. Page, then editor of the *World's Work*, subsequently Ambassador in London. That distinguished journalist deplored the existing state of affairs. He always believed that the only secure foundation for British-American co-operation was a plentiful supply of cable news. How he would have welcomed the present enterprise of the leading American journals!

Electioneering is very much the order of the day throughout the English-speaking world. First came the Congressional elections in the United States, the result of which was to reduce the Republican majority in the House of Representatives to fifteen and in the Senate to ten. The Democratic success in the Eastern States was partly due to the unpopularity of Prohibition and the desire of many city-dwellers for an amendment of the Volstead Law so as to permit the sale of light wines and beer. On the other hand, it is instructive to note that American sentiment in favour of "wet" legislation is by no means universal and that the State of Ohio rejected a modification of the existing law admitting wines and beer on a referendum. Nevertheless, the "wets" believe that the modification of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution will become a live issue at the next election two years hence.

It is not only in the United States that electioneering has been in progress. Both Australia and New Zealand are almost in the throes. The General Election in New Zealand takes place during the first week in December and the Australian election shortly afterwards. As in Great Britain, the political situation in Australia, especially in Victoria, is confused owing to the secession of an important body of Liberals from the Nationalists. The indefatigable Mr. Hughes has been conducting a vigorous campaign in South Australia, Victoria and New South Wales, and is now making a tour of Queensland. In New Zealand, Mr. Massey, who recently celebrated the completion of his tenth year as Prime Minister, has adopted the slogans of economy in public services and increased production. His opponent, Mr. Wilford, the Liberal leader, also advocates economy, and urges the need for the development of national resources with Whitley Councils giving the workers a voice in the control of the industries. Mr. Wilford also advocates, according to the *Times*' Wellington correspondent, "the encouragement of the co-operative marketing of produce and legislation enabling the Government, the producers, and the importers to establish co-partnership with the shipping lines."

The famous manifesto appealing for the support of the Dominions in the Turkish crisis has had a curious reflex action in Canada. It has tended once more to focus attention on the dangers of a situation in which the Dominion might find itself involved without warning in a world crisis, and it brings up again the whole question of Canadian representation at the heart of the Empire. In his book, *The British Empire and World Peace*, Mr. N. W. Rowell, one of Sir Robert Borden's colleagues at the Peace Conference, urges that the status of the Canadian High Commissioner in London should be completely changed, and that he should become the intermediary between the British and Canadian Governments. "Does not Canada's position now entitle her," he asks, "to request that her High Commissioner should deal directly with the Prime Minister or the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs?" The suggestion has also been made that a Canadian Cabinet Minister should reside in London. If the latter course were adopted, the other Dominions in due time would probably follow suit. We should therefore have in London four or five Dominion Cabinet Ministers. In this event the formation of an Imperial Cabinet—or whatever it might be called—similar to the Imperial War Cabinet would seem to be the next step. If such a Cabinet had been in existence during the Dardanelles crisis the Home Government would have learnt some home truths as to the Empire's determination not to be the catspaw of the pro-Hellenic Party here or elsewhere.

The present state of the postal service between Great Britain and Canada seems to require investigation. The *Times*' Toronto correspondent reports that British journals of October 14th and 16th were only delivered in that city on November 8th, a condition of affairs which might be tolerated in war-time, but which is disgraceful in peace. The lay public will be interested to ascertain exactly where the delay occurs. The Canadian Postal Department maintains that it is blameless. The authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand are apparently equally convinced of their innocence. In September, when the slow delivery of printed matter in the Dominion was criticized, they maintained that the delay "must have arisen in Canada." With almost daily sailings across the Atlantic delays such as these, wherever the responsibility rests, are outrageous.

How many stay-at-home Britons are aware that hitherto My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have been responsible for the administration of the island of Ascension—that outpost of Empire in the South Atlantic whose name conjures up visions for most of us of extra plump turtles destined to promote the cause of Empire by assuaging the pangs of hunger of our City fathers and their guests at public banquets? For reasons of economy the island has now been handed over to the Colonial Office, and the personnel of the small naval station withdrawn. Ascension was first taken possession of by the British in 1815, when Napoleon was confined at St. Helena, and when the British Government of the day was determined not to run the risk of a second "hundred days," and consequently occupied a volcanic peak arising out of the ocean 696 miles distant. The distance, especially when we remember a ship's speed in pre-steam days, calls to mind an alleged remark of the late Lord Salisbury. He is said to have declared that if we were to annex the moon the military authorities would be sure to argue that it was untenable unless we at once occupied Mars and put the Red Planet in a posture of defence!

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE BRITISH PEOPLE HAVE SPOKEN.

THE British people have spoken, with a result which we believe will prove for the welfare of the nation and Empire. The Government of the middle course is retained in power by the votes of middle course electors. That, when Party disappointments are forgotten, will emerge as the essential fact. Once more we have proved that when confronted with great issues the majority of the British people always show themselves to have Left-Centre minds. Now, as always in the past, the people want freedom and progress, but want them guided by moderation and common sense. This does not mean that our people are ever going to carry moderation to the point of immoderateness. Unless we are to forfeit the spirit of the race, there will always be among us a strongly progressive element as well as a strongly cautious element. If we did not have both, we should not have that resolution of force which is the salvation of States. Unhappy is the country ruled by representative institutions in which there is not a strong Opposition, for without opposition Parliamentary institutions can never fulfil their functions. Truly did the Victorians talk of "Her Majesty's Opposition" as well as of "Her Majesty's Government." Therefore, no citizen who looks beyond the mere Party standpoint will in the end regret that the present Ministry will not have it all their own way in Parliament. If they did, whatever their professions, hopes and instincts, they would not be able to keep the middle way. But that middle way is at the present moment the thing to be desired above all others by true friends of their country. We rejoice in a strong Unionist and Constitutional Party, but we are equally glad that the Independent Liberal Party has been able to reconstitute itself, and also that the Labour Party has been able to get the representation to which it is entitled by the numbers of its supporters in the constituencies.

We have dealt with the facts and figures of the Election in our "News of the Week." Here we must speak of the more general aspects of the contest. The first, the most conspicuous feature of the Election, is the discomfiture of Mr. Lloyd George and the personal Party which he was trying to form. For the last six years Mr. Lloyd George has given what we think may be quite fairly and without prejudice described as an autocratic twist to the Constitution. It was possibly not his conscious desire to do this, and it is only fair to say that the change was in great part due to the extraordinary conditions of the latter part of the War and to the equally anomalous conditions of the first years of the Peace. Mr. Lloyd George, instead of being a Prime Minister such as we have known during the greater part of our history, became something in the nature of a Grand Vizier. Instead of being merely *primus inter pares*, the first among a body of equals, he was the President of the Cabinet. No doubt a Prime Minister has always had a special and commanding position, but the voice of the Government has hitherto not been merely his voice. His control of the Administration has been exercised through and in the Cabinet, and not by direct interference in particular Departments. Mr. Lloyd George, especially in the region of foreign affairs, as recent events in particular have shown, has claimed and exercised a direct control. His plan was to short-circuit his Foreign Minister and act for himself. Mr. Lloyd George has, in fact, been acting more like the President of the United States than like the British type of Prime Minister. His Cabinet Ministers were in a sense his clerks.

The result has been the overthrow of his Cabinet, first by the action of the Unionist majority in the Commons and now by the endorsement of the country. The issue at the Election has, in fact, been one of confidence or no confidence in Mr. Lloyd George personally, and with a surprising unanimity the country has condemned the late Prime Minister. Every vote cast for the supporters of Mr. Bonar Law and the present Government has been a vote against Mr. Lloyd George. Every vote given for the Independent Liberals has also been against him, with the exception, perhaps, of a portion of the votes given for Independent Liberals in Scotland. The only candidates who asked the voters to return them because they were supporters of Mr. Lloyd George were the National Liberals, and they have suffered the most signal of all the defeats at the polls. They have come back a shattered remnant. In former times one of the ways of estimating a man's political integrity was to ask, "Whom is he acting with? Who are the men who are willing to support him and back his views?" If we ask this in the case of Mr. Lloyd George, the answer must be, "He is acting with a discredited and attenuated band of personal followers." The two ablest and most important of this clan are Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Birkenhead, both of them men of great ability, but both of them, as their careers show, political adventurers—that is, men of very much Mr. Lloyd George's own political and intellectual complexion. They are the quick-change artists of politics or the freelances of Parliament. And now Mr. Churchill has been beaten at the Polls and is in search of a seat.

The other principal feature of the Election is the great advance made by Labour. Labour has not done as well as it expected to do three months ago, but it has done a good deal better than it expected to do after the writs were actually issued. We may deplore, and in a sense do deplore, that so many electors should have been misled into thinking that the true interests of Labour can ever be really furthered by the kind of blow to the industries of the country which would be dealt by a Capital Levy, coupled with that system of greatly increased direct taxation which the Labour Party advocates. In spite, however, of this fact, we are glad to see Labour well represented. Certainly that representation should give no fears to Mr. Bonar Law. Labour cannot trouble the Government much except by a combination with the Independent Liberals. But the Independent Liberals could not combine with Labour on any of the great issues for which Labour cares—such, for example, as the Capital Levy—without breaking up their Party, and that is a thing they will not do. For the same reason, the Liberals are not going to take on a man so discredited as Mr. Lloyd George as their leader, because that would also destroy their Party.

Again, owing to the line that Mr. Lloyd George has taken at the Election in regard to Labour, the Labour Party is in no mood to trust him. Finally, we may dismiss the notion that Mr. Lloyd George will be able to pick up a Party by splitting a chunk off the Labour Party and another chunk off the Independent Liberals. Such a scheme, even if it could be accomplished, would cause so bitter a feeling in the remnants that he could never found an Administration upon his cleavages. To put it plainly, we can see no combination at present which will turn out Mr. Bonar Law's Central, Constitutional and Conservative Government unless, of course, he and his colleagues are foolish enough to enter upon some doubtful and dangerous line of policy.

THE ALLIES AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE nation, we hope, is observing and being duly thankful for the manner in which Mr. Bonar Law's Government is handling the Turkish question. How different it all is from the hectic days of Mr. Lloyd George! The whole problem of the Near East is, of course, still a subject of grave anxiety, but we may feel pretty sure that if Mr. Lloyd George were still Prime Minister, and the Kemalists were behaving as truculently and ominously as they are behaving now, the British Empire would be in an agony of fear that war was at hand. The quietness, the hopefulness, and even the comparative confidence with which we are now watching events are one of the first fruits of the change of Government.

The fact that complete accord among the Great Powers when dealing with Turkey is essential has become so much of a commonplace that it is almost tiresome to repeat it. Nevertheless, Mr. Lloyd George brought us into the dreadful mess because he forgot or disregarded the obvious. The patience with which Mr. Bonar Law, acting strictly and properly through Lord Curzon and the Foreign Office, is trying to reach agreement with France and Italy on every point of substance before we enter a room to talk things over with the Turks is a model of how such matters should be handled. After some very dark days there are already signs that patience is about to be rewarded. M. Poincaré has said that, if the Turks should tear up the Mudania Convention and attack the Allies in the Neutral Zones or at Constantinople, France will be found at the side of Great Britain. We devoutly hope, and indeed we believe, that no such catastrophe will happen; the display of Allied concord will probably be a sufficient warning to the Turks, as it has been on countless occasions in history. If, however, the worst comes, we shall feel that the Turks have forced violence upon us not because, as happened under the rule of Mr. Lloyd George, we have given them pretexts and grievances, but because their success against the Greeks has turned their heads.

Some pessimistic newspapers are writing as though there were no hope of real or lasting collaboration with France. It ought to be remembered, therefore, that the Allied Note of September 23rd, which was, of course, signed by France and which was generous enough to Turkey, still holds the field. We have no reason whatever to suppose that M. Poincaré will dishonour his signature. Of course, it might be retorted that as the Allied Note dealt but briefly with the main facts there is still plenty of room for disagreement as to method. We note with much satisfaction, however, that M. Poincaré has just said that the differences between France and Great Britain are few and small. And there is a new fact in the situation which must not be forgotten. France has long been emboldened in what has seemed to us an unduly Turcophile policy by the consciousness that Great Britain stood alone, because Italian sympathy was with France rather than with us. Circumstances are now changed. Signor Mussolini, the new Prime Minister of Italy, seems more likely to side with us than with France when differences have to be adjusted.

Nor can it be supposed for a moment that France really wants the war which would probably be brought about by a failure of the Allies to agree. Her commercial interests in Turkey are very great. She does not want to see these ruined. She does not want to see the value of recent concessions melt away to nothing. In a word, she recognizes that she encouraged the Turks a little too much, and that it is safer for her now to apply the restraining hand. If Turkey were driven further by her extremists, and the Allies committed the fatal error of saying nothing because their own disagreements had rendered them impotent, Constantinople might become another Smyrna. It is believed that the Turkish gendarmerie in Eastern Thrace has already exceeded all the restrictions of the Mudania Convention. Now, if a new Turkish army were to overflow into Western Thrace, and to push down towards Salonika, nothing could stop the rising of the Balkan Powers. Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, Rumania, not to mention Greece in her weakness, would all be in it. France has declared herself the protector of the Little Entente. How can she contemplate such a fresh European disaster? We prefer to believe that she means to avoid it and that she is already sufficiently alarmed to see that, though peace requires sacrifices, peace must be had. She will not attempt, we believe, to make her negotiations with Great Britain about the Near East the occasion for demanding unreasonable "sets-off" such as the cynical proposal that agreement with us about Turkey should require in return British sanction of a permanent French occupation of the Ruhr.

But suppose, after all, that the worst happens, not, as we have said, through the fault of the Allies, but through the offensiveness of the Turks themselves. In that case we hold that we should make it clear from the beginning that British interest in maintaining the freedom of the Straits and in policing the Near East is not greater than that of any other Power. If it is not thought reasonable that our material contribution to imposing peace by keeping garrisons on the spot should be equal to that of France or that of Italy and no more, we should greatly prefer to withdraw altogether. We do not in the least advocate withdrawal because we like it, but because it is a matter of necessity. We simply cannot afford large military enterprises or, indeed, military enterprises of any sort. At present the British troops in Turkey number about 30,000, and the French, so far as we know, only about 5,000. We are glad to see that in the *Times* of Monday the Constantinople correspondent presents the alternatives which we described in a leading article last week. Assuming for the moment that the Allies would be unable to agree upon a definite plan of action, he says:—

> "The alternatives, however unpalatable, must not be blinked. Either the Allies must throw up the sponge, and in deference to outward harmony withdraw with the least possible further loss of prestige, or Great Britain stands out single-handed. The dragging on of the present situation is no kindness to the foreign civilian population, which is demoralized by conflicting rumours, and uncertain whether to flee while there is yet opportunity or to stop behind and attempt to carry on the normal occupations of life. Now that the Turkish police and gendarmerie are not working under Allied control the dangers of incidents are multiplied, as is also the possibility that the Allies will be called upon suddenly to deal with a most serious position, and the means of coping with it are not over large."

Unless we are greatly mistaken, Sir Henry Wilson in 1921 advised the Government not only to have nothing to do with the Greeks, but to withdraw as soon as possible from Constantinople. Would that his advice had been followed! After all, there was never any question of remaining permanently. We always promised to withdraw. It has only been a question of when we should do it.

To sum up, we believe that the Allies will agree and that the Turks will not exceed the bounds. But we cannot, of course, be sure of this. There may be something in the report that the Kemalists, having deposed the Sultan and derided the idea of temporal power belonging to the Caliphate, regard themselves as being entitled to start afresh, having wiped the slate clean. If they do—if they intend aggression of the old sort—they will make trouble not only in South-Eastern Europe, but in

Palestine, in Mesopotamia, and everywhere else they can. We cannot estimate the exact danger. The Government have advice and information which are not accessible to us, and we appeal to them, if the danger becomes obvious and great, to withdraw rather than to commit us to unknown adventures or to accept more than our share of the burden. We appreciate the criticism that is sure to be made of this advice. It will be said that we are shirking a responsibility which in the past we never dreamed of refusing. It will be said that we are the natural protectors of the Christians, and that if we fail them they are doomed. Yet it is equally true that the worst kind of help we can give is that which falls short of success. To promise help and not be able to give enough is, in the worst sense, to victimize people, for we should then be exposing them to the anger of men whom we had infuriated. If there are Christians there, so there are here. To embark on an indefinable war and incalculable expenditure would be to injure those Christians and ruin these. We hope that if the danger comes near the Government will decide to withdraw decently and in order while there is time. In any case, let us remove temptation from the Turks by asking the League of Nations to accept our resignation of the mandates for Palestine and Mesopotamia.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

AS the Election is over we shall not worry our readers with summaries of speeches made before the Poll. There is, however, a passage in a speech made by Mr. Churchill last Saturday to which we desire to draw special attention—while congratulating him, not only on his recovery, but also on his pluck in refusing to allow a dangerous illness to silence him in the political struggle. Speaking of the Irish position, Mr. Churchill said: "Meanwhile, the position of Ulster has been fully secured; the British Government have supported the Northern Government to the utmost extent." Mr. Churchill went on to speak in the most flattering way of Sir James Craig and what had been accomplished by "this Ulster statesman, for he is a statesman." We are delighted to see this tone adopted towards the Northern Parliament, because it must be remembered that the boundary question was left us as a *damnosa hereditas* by Mr. Lloyd George. If badly handled, that question might be used as an instrument for producing much trouble. We make no belated objection to the actual clause in the Treaty in regard to boundaries. That clause if properly read clearly contemplates only an alteration of *boundaries* and not of *areas*. It was obviously based upon the very proper principle that if a frontier line could be drawn between the North and the South which would transfer purely Roman Catholic parishes which are now to the north to the south of the line, and Protestant parishes which are now to the south to the north of the line, great advantage would accrue to both States.

It is to be feared, however, from the controversy between Mr. Michael Collins and Sir James Craig that Mr. Lloyd George, while assuring Sir James Craig and his colleagues that there would be no real interference with the Northern area, but only some minor and convenient adjustments, conveyed the impression to Mr. Michael Collins that the Six-County Area was going to be very greatly reduced—perhaps by a third of its present size. That would mean, of course, a new civil war to be added to that at present being waged in the South. *We may feel sure that Mr. Churchill would not have spoken as he did if he had contemplated any such flagrant betrayal of the rights of the Northern Province.* His words are, *in effect, a guarantee of good faith to the North.*

While expressing our great relief on this point, we want to join in Mr. Churchill's declaration of satisfaction with Sir James Craig's attitude and with the most wise, just, and moderate way in which Sir James has shown himself willing to help the properly and legally established Government in the South whenever he can. A lesser man might have been tempted to stand frigidly aloof or to seek some small and immediate profit out of the troubles and embarrassments of his neighbours. Instead, Sir James and his colleagues have done all that they could to help without injuring the interests of the Free State Government by giving a handle to the Republicans.

As to the general condition of the South, we are bound to say that the prospect is still extremely dark and anxious. What makes it specially gloomy is the fact that we get so little news of any value. If some isolated success is achieved by the Free State, like the capture of Mr. Childers or some other Republican leader, we hear a good deal of it; but of what is really going on throughout the counties in the South we hear practically nothing. Every now and then an accident or news from some private source lifts the veil for a moment, and one is shown the burning houses, the outrages committed by the Republicans, and the reprisals by the Free State. Then one gathers how great is the misery and the anarchy prevailing in what not many months ago was a prosperous country. Perhaps the worst and most sinister sign of all is the fact that both the Free State and the Republican organizations are controlled by their armies. Each army is, more or less, independent; and, what is worse, being ill-paid or not paid at all, lives on the country. But though we are bound to point this out, let no one suppose that we rejoice in the weakness of the Free State or in its inability even to make itself master in its own capital. We never wanted to endow Southern Ireland with the fatal legacy of civil war, and now that she has been endowed with it we want it to be brought to an end as soon as possible.

From this miserable picture of a land in which homicide seems to be the only reality—the rest is a kind of hideous shadow-play of shams—it is a pleasure to turn to the North and to see that the vigorous men of Ulster have been able to put their house in order in spite of the fact that in many ways the situation handed over to them was as heavily fraught with evil as that existing in the Free State. It is true that the Protestants and Loyalists are in a large majority in the Six-County Area; but, at the same time, there were quite enough Sinn Feiners scattered throughout the Northern Province to produce the worst possible conditions if they were not properly treated. Fortunately Sir James Craig and his colleagues did not despair but went to work, and by justice, as well as firmness, put an end, not only to the street-fighting in Belfast, but to the raids across the border. We believe we are right in saying that for the past seven weeks there has been no street fighting in Belfast and that almost the whole of the Six-County Area is now as quiet as England or Scotland.

HYDE PARK LAW.

DEEP and general satisfaction has been expressed at Sir Almeric FitzRoy's success in defending himself against an odious accusation, and we offer him our congratulations, not only because he has been triumphantly acquitted, but because he has, incidentally, done a public service in calling the attention of all men to the by-laws which govern the public parks. Since the beginning of 1921 no fewer than 318 persons have been charged by the police with various kinds of misbehaviour in Hyde Park alone. Nearly all of them were

convicted, and yet in only seven cases was evidence produced apart from that of the police. A few of the convictions were reversed on appeal, but appeals were the exception, perhaps because the persons concerned did not value their reputation enough to worry or could not afford to carry the matter further.

We talk very rightly with abhorrence of the idea that there should be "one law for the rich and another for the poor." But, in a sense, there certainly is "one law for the rich and another for the poor"—only it is very much to the disadvantage of the rich, or those who are conventionally called rich. The case of Sir Almeric FitzRoy is an illustration. Although Mr. Mead, at the Marlborough Street Police Court, was careful to point out that Sir Almeric was charged only with the "very mild offence" of technically "annoying" people, —a charge involving no indecency—if the conviction had been upheld on appeal Sir Almeric would, as a fact, have been officially and socially ruined. How different is the case of some obscure person charged with a similarly "mild offence." The newspapers might not report the case at all, and even if they did the man or woman's name would mean nothing. *Noblesse oblige*, of course—and it is right that the more responsible the offender the more he should suffer for sinning against the light; but, all the same, the disparity of the punishments in the two different cases is rather too cruel to bear thinking of. What the law ought to do, therefore, is to ensure that there shall be no possibility, or as little as humanly may be, of mistaken convictions. There should be an absolute rule that nobody can be convicted unless the person who is alleged to have been annoyed is willing to give evidence.

Sir Almeric FitzRoy's case was one of those few in which a witness who was not a policeman *was* produced, but that witness was so hopelessly discredited that she was withdrawn by the prosecution. Mr. Mead, however, convicted on the police evidence alone. There is no reason to doubt that the police mean extremely well. They have been urged on by vigilant persons or societies to make the parks safe for decent people, but, in the result, they have come perilously near to making the parks unsafe for anybody who has a reputation to lose. For months it has been a kind of joke among London people that they dare not walk across Hyde Park at night except under safe escort. The police, capable, energetic and courageous men though most of them are, are not by their very nature capable of discriminating. Having jumped to the conclusion that the behaviour of some man or woman they have noticed is reprehensible, they make all the correlative or subsequent evidence which they can amass fit in with their preconception. This is not to be wondered at, and to admit that it is so is not unfairly to blame the police, for the sifting of evidence is an intellectual feat which requires training and experience. The only safeguard, we repeat, is that the person who is alleged to have been "annoyed" should come forward publicly. In Sir Almeric FitzRoy's case the woman was *asked* by the police whether she had not been annoyed. In other words, they suggested to her that she had been annoyed, and we may suspect that, being what she was, she did not dare to disagree with them.

And what does this "annoyance" under Hyde Park law amount to? "It is not yet the law of the country," said Sir Robert Wallace, at the hearing of the appeal, "that one person may not speak to another unless they have been formally introduced." Then he added: "I go further and say a man may speak to a woman without being charged with an offence or it being necessarily assumed that the woman is annoyed." We would venture to go further still and suggest that in some cases the woman would be much more annoyed if she were *not* spoken to.

Now that matters have gone so far, we sincerely hope that the by-laws of the public parks and gardens will be either revised or administered differently. It is dreadful to think that a character can be blasted by the decision of a single magistrate acting entirely on police evidence, which, as has become clear, cannot safely be accepted without corroboration. Sir Robert Wallace's sense of the extreme unsatisfactoriness of the police evidence was shown by his not only allowing the appeal without calling upon Sir Almeric FitzRoy to offer his defence, but by his granting the defendant his costs—a rare occurrence in appeal cases. "I cannot understand," he said, "why this case is here at all." Even as it is, the costs which Sir Almeric will have to bear will be heavy, but as a distinguished public servant he may not think the money wasted if it leads to better regulations for achieving what we all desire—seemly conduct and security for character in the parks. Naturally, a man in Sir Almeric FitzRoy's position stops at no expense to clear his character, but the fact remains that the need to incur great expenditure in order to rebut unsatisfactory evidence is a flaw in the conditions which are supposed to protect innocent persons. The poor need protection even more than the "rich." We do not see an easy remedy, though the matter is well worth investigation. The first thing to do, however, is to ensure that in future the presence in court of the person who is said to have been annoyed should be regarded as indispensable.

THE EVACUATION OF PALESTINE AND MESOPOTAMIA.

A CORRESPONDENT, on whose knowledge of the facts we can rely, and whose judgment is unwarped by any Party, Pacifist, or anti-Imperial feeling, sends us the following observations. We commend them to the careful attention of our readers.

I was glad to see the notes on page 682 of last week's *Spectator* dealing with Palestine and Mesopotamia. I do not think you need be "sorry for the suffering of innocent people which may be caused by our evacuation," but I feel sure that if we remain in Palestine and Mesopotamia there will be sorrow and loss both in those countries and also in England. In the War, and in the prancing years which followed the War, we saw big; we disposed of other people's estates without thought of title deeds or rights. We assigned Constantinople to Russia, and though we had too large a holding in the world we gaily added to our holding, regardless of our depleted manpower and working capital. Now that our Welsh necromancer has been unmasked, we find that we have not the means of playing the part of fairy godmother to Arabs, Jews and Armenians, and in honesty we ought to admit at once this unpleasant truth. As you know, I have had opportunities of studying the problem on the spot, and I say that I am convinced that there is no soil in Palestine that will allow of any great addition to the population or admit of what is vaguely known as intensive cultivation. The same is true of Mesopotamia. European standards in either country would involve a taxation which would cause bitter discontent and a constant call on the British Treasury. Military service in either country would be unpopular and very expensive, whether the troops be British or Indian.

Look at India and Egypt. We have done our bit and our best. The *Spectator* has an hereditary knowledge of

India, and knows what we have done for the peoples of India. And we have done it without exacting one penny of tribute from that vast, rich continent. The same in Egypt. And the result is that the Indians and Egyptians hate us, and would be rid of us. But that is the difficulty. It is easy to become entangled: it is cruel work when you try to become disentangled, as we shall find, both in India and Egypt. The critics in Europe and America, when they see the chaos which will follow our attempts to get disentangled, will forget their clamour for self-determination, and will naturally say that when we so proudly took up the white man's burden we had no right to lay it down. So I beg of you to go on urging England to avoid entanglement in Palestine and in Mesopotamia. I know by long experience and observation that when once Eastern races have tasted British administration it is like tasting alcohol. But as the years pass the alcohol takes on a bitter taste.

To some Arab leaders I expounded these ideas when they were asking for a British Army and British Administrators for Mesopotamia. They were surprised, and quoted Arab proverbs. They thought England had a mission. "The needle makes clothes for all, but is itself naked." I remarked that the War had indeed brought home to us our nakedness.

Some good men will say that we are committed, both in Palestine and in Mesopotamia. Was England consulted, or were our people ever told the real facts? I happen to know what our real commitments to the Arabs were. In 1918 and 1919 action might have been taken. It was possible, though to my mind it would have been deplorable. But in 1922—thanks to our late Dictator—Kemal has changed all the cards in the Near East.

I have written too much, though I have more to tell you. Looking ahead, I venture this prophecy. If we do not get out of Palestine and Mesopotamia at once we shall be forced ere long to get out of the Mediterranean. With the mandates which the British Empire has accepted in Africa and elsewhere we have too much cloth for our coat, and it will trip us up. COMPATRIOT.

VAGARIES OF THE VIPER.

READERS of the *Spectator* may have noticed a correspondence which recently appeared in the daily Press between a West-Country naturalist and a certain critic who *would* persist in asserting that the common viper or adder never exceeds twelve inches in length. Erroneous as this idea is, one frequently encounters it. I remember being told the same thing when a child, and, curiously enough, my informant on that occasion was the village squire, a life-long resident in the country, a keen sportsman and Nature-lover, a man who certainly should have known better. Personally, I never can see why there need be so much haggling about the precise length of any reptile, bird, or beast, for, so far as my own experience serves, one seldom finds two creatures of a species entirely identical. Wild creatures vary in size almost as much as human beings.

According to old naturalists, the viper attains full growth when six or seven years old, but upon that point I cannot speak with authority, merely accepting the statements of others who have observed the reptile in a captive state. The actual length may reach anything from one to two feet—or even more in exceptional cases, according to the locality. Setting affects the physique of animals far more than most people suppose, and this has led to considerable confusion in certain cases, creatures of the same species, differing only on account of environment, having been classified as distinct races.

The adder, it would seem, thrives best upon a light, sandy soil. For example, the steep heathery slopes of West Dorset, where badger "setts" are impregnable and even rabbits burrow to an incredible depth, are famous for the largest and most venomous snakes found in England. There, it may safely be said, vipers are more abundant than in any other part of the country, not excepting the heaths of Hampshire or Sussex. Even here upon Dartmoor they are not nearly so plentiful, though a fair number infest the rocky coombes. Bewley Down, a furzy moor lying north of the otter-haunted Yarty, is a regular hotbed of them, and one can see almost any number in the course of an ordinary morning's walk amongst the brakes. An old furze-cutter, living on the Down, used to make quite a business of their destruction, being employed for that purpose by various people who had sporting rights over the waste. Some fir trees surrounding his house were literally festooned with brown, scaly bodies in various stages of decay and mummydom.

As for England as a whole, the species occurs only locally, and in certain localities is quite unknown. It has little liking for clay lands, nor can it exist in really wet country, though fond of the outskirts of low-lying humid swamps. Dry banks in which to hibernate are essential, hence its partiality for sandy districts. Like most hibernating creatures, vipers display considerable skill in the choice of winter quarters, from which they are seldom unearthed. As autumn closes in they gradually disappear, creeping away, choosing when possible dry crevices under stone walls or amongst the roots of hawthorn or the all-prevailing gorse, where several are sometimes found in the same retreat, knotted together in a semi-torpid condition.

The hot April sun as a rule calls them forth, and I once found one very much awake in the second week of March, when snow was actually lying upon the ground. I was trying some gorse with a spaniel when a loud hissing from the centre of a brake eventually led to the discovery of the reptile lying coiled up in an open space, its tongue slithering, flat head reared and swaying to and fro like a rattlesnake. It was the largest of its kind I ever handled, measuring about twenty-seven inches. Obviously it was in an evil mood, but why it adopted so aggressive and unusual an attitude, and why it was abroad when conditions were so unpropitious, are questions to which I can offer no satisfactory answer.

As a rule vipers strike only when molested. They are dangerous, however, when they first emerge, being still stupefied from their long sleep, or when changing their skins, and in early summer the females are particularly short-tempered and over-ready to use their fangs. The species is viviparous, and as many as twelve or fifteen young are born at one time.

The deadly effects of an actual bite have been and still are grossly over-rated. Doubtless the virulence of the poison depends largely upon circumstances, but it has been proved that though a single bite is sufficient to kill a mouse or a pigeon, repeated bites are necessary to kill a large animal. I might add that out of an enormous number of hounds and other sporting dogs that have been bitten within my knowledge, not a single case was fatal. Again, the adder is frequently blamed for the death of sheep which have died from inflammation brought about by entirely different causes, the symptoms being very similar. A hound or a grazing animal is usually bitten on the lip or nose, and the wound is hard

to find, for the needle-like teeth barely puncture the skin, leaving only the slightest mark. Some local puffiness occurs, but a large glandular swelling in the throat is the first and most visible effect. For dogs there is a very old and simple remedy, never prescribed in the books. It is only necessary to collect a few handfuls of common ash-tops and boil them until the water assumes a dark green colour. This fluid, applied both internally and externally, should give swift relief to the sufferer. Sweet oil always does good, and a dose of whisky is usually given nowadays. But, as a rule, a hardy animal will recover without any doctoring whatsoever. A human being, if bitten, must be in a poor state of health to suffer really serious effects. Rarely indeed, save in fiction, does death occur from such a cause.

The difference between the poisonous adder and its next-of-kin, the inoffensive grass or ringed snake, is wide, yet not sufficiently so to render confusion impossible or even unaccountable. Naturalists talk about distinctive markings, the viper's spade-shaped head, the V mark, the "oak-leaf" pattern, or zig-zag line running down its back, as compared with the double row of spots which the grass snake shows. Unfortunately, however, for the harmless variety there is seldom time to study detail; five times out of six one catches but an indistinct glimpse of a sinuous form gliding away into the undergrowth, and too many people are apt to strike first and look afterwards.

Colour stands for little, depending largely in each case upon surroundings. The viper, who should be brown, shows a distinctly olive tint against certain backgrounds, whereas the green grass snake as often as not wears a suit of greyish brown which can easily be mistaken for the viper's garb. Indeed, say what one will, it sometimes requires a practised eye to identify either species at a glance. At close quarters there is little fear of confusion. The grass snake wears a clearly defined collar, the viper merely two spots at the back of the head, and these sometimes invisible. The former may measure forty inches, the latter seldom exceeds two feet, and comparatively few live long enough to attain full length. The one ripples along, the other glides with scarcely perceptible undulations. In their way both these snakes do good service to the agriculturist, the grass snake being particularly useful upon land where slugs and such pests abound.

The viper is very regular in its habits, making a little round form in the grass to which it returns by well-worn runways day after day, like a rabbit. It is practically omnivorous, feeding on small life of every description. The poison-fangs are used, I believe, when it is killing its prey, for on one occasion when a shrill outcry guided me to a meadow-pipit's nest, enabling me to take the robber red-handed, the victim—a well-grown bird—was already dead and swollen, though still warm in the captor's grip.

Little as mankind has to fear from the viper, many West Country people live in positively ridiculous dread of it. On bright mornings even children will scarcely venture from the path when crossing heaths where the object of their fear is said to lurk. On a well-remembered occasion I saw a hedger—a level-headed fellow enough—chopping stolidly at a brier-patch. Suddenly he gave a horrified scream, and sprang away from the bank with incredible activity. Upon my inquiry as to whether he had chopped his finger off or found a skeleton, he replied laconically, "A hadder!" He pointed to the bush into which he had flung his bill-hook in sheer terror. There, sure enough, was the reptile, by a curious chance cut clean in two.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ALLEGATIONS AGAINST THE IRISH FREE STATE.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—There has just come to my notice an article in the *Irish World* (New York) for October 21st, by Hanna Sheehy Skeffington, entitled "I.R.A. Prisoners Tortured by the Free State." In it she comments on a letter (which she reprints) written by Father Joseph Smith, vice-rector of the Passionist Priory, Mt. Argus, which appeared in the Dublin *Daily Independent* on October 4th. In this letter he tells of the visit of a priest to Wellington Barracks, where I.R.A. prisoners were found badly wounded. He was informed by the prisoners, who spoke Irish—a language not understood by their guardians—that they had been tortured by the Free Staters in the endeavour to extort information from them. They were said to be in a pitiable condition as a result of their maltreatment.

Mrs. Skeffington, after recounting these facts, stated that the attempts of a deputation to gain a hearing of the Lord Mayor and the City Council for their protests were unavailing. She then called upon the United States to lodge a protest against such a "disgrace to civilization."

Similar allegations have, of course, been frequently made against the British in Ireland. Now that *they* cannot be blamed, the recriminations have started amongst the Irish themselves. Is there no way of ascertaining the truth in these matters and getting the wretched business cleared up?—I am, Sir, &c.,

DIOGENES.

CHRISTIANITY AND CRIME IN IRELAND.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—May I say a word on the further letter of Sir Harry Reichel on this subject in your issue of November 4th? He quotes a story of a young Irish labourer who told a Scotsman with whom he had been sharing a room that he had been taught by a priest when a boy that to kill a Protestant was no murder. "But I don't believe that now, John," said the Irishman, "after seeing you every night go down on your knees and say your prayers before you went to bed." This story has two parts to it, and it would be well to ponder on them. I do not want to mitigate in any way the things that have been happening of late in Ireland, and which are our peculiar contribution to the horrors of the post-war world. The very contrary is my desire. We should look right into and strive to understand these things with a view to finding—if possible—a remedy. There are many other signs and happenings in the world to-day, full of urgent danger, to which the same applies. But we can only understand—and help—if we proceed in the spirit of severe and scientific truth. The vision with an eye open only to one side of the field will not help.

Now, take the first part of the above story. An Irishman had an idea in his head, however he came by it, that to kill a Protestant was no murder. Cast your eye over Scottish history a little and consider whether there was not a time when there were people, probably amongst John's ancestors, who had a similar idea about killing a Papist. In Ireland that idea had a long run. Priests were hounded like wolves, killed on sight, and a price put upon their heads. The idea persists to this day amongst certain elements in Belfast, whom Sir James Craig finds it so hard to control, and who during the past year or two have contributed their own quota to this miserable chapter. If Sir Harry Reichel's Aberdeen friend chooses to acquaint himself with the mentality of some of the Queen's Island or Shankhill Road workers by such conversations as he reports with West of Ireland peasants, he will receive some views on the thesis of "killing no murder" which will widen his outlook.

There is no Irish statesman of any period, indeed no thinking Irishman, North or South, who does not know this, and whose deepest concern and strongest conviction have not been the need of exorcizing the evil passions, legacy of history, out of which these dark notions come. There is no thinking Irishman, moreover, North or South, knowing his country, who does not believe that it is possible gradually to exorcize this spirit. I could tell you a long story of how

far that process had proceeded until it was interrupted by words and actions which lashed up these passions again. But it will be enough here to take up the second part of the little story quoted by Sir Harry Reichel. What happened to the Irishman (who was probably an Ulster Papist and who had a very poor notion of a Protestant) who came to realize that his idea was quite wrong when he saw his friend John nightly kneeling down and saying his prayers? What happened was that he got to respect and like John, and he and John became friends. Probably an analogous process went on in the mind of John. Whatever may have been his views upon the ethics of killing Papists, we may be sure his opinion of Papists was not a very high one. When he, in his turn, saw his Irish mate going down on his knees and saying his prayers every night, he underwent some adjustment of his ideas, too. And the men became friends—that was the outcome of it.

Observe this, too. Sir Harry Reichel seeks to draw far-reaching conclusions from these unhappy phenomena in Ireland which oppress us all, and which represent to my mind but a longer persistence, due to longer misgovernment, in the minds of some elements of the population, of the passions and traditions of an unfortunate history. Sir Harry Reichel concludes in effect that Christianity is, in some way, wanting in Ireland. And so it is, I agree. Yet see what it is that makes the Irish labourer change his mind about John. He sees him say his prayers. He admires him and respects him and likes him, because he finds him a pious and Christian man. A fellow Christian. Yes. That was their bond. He could not have been moved by that which he saw in the other unless he had first been taught, and had learned, to respect it himself. Their common Christianity became their bond. . . . I would ask Sir Harry Reichel and your readers to ponder deeply on this little parable which he has himself produced. Let us see clear, see all sides, seek not to darken counsel by unconscious Pharisaism, but try to find a light which will show the way out of this ugly recess in the psychology of our peoples. It can be found.—I am, Sir, &c., T. P. G.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—You may like to publish the following, taken from a letter just received from a friend in Cork.—I am, Sir, &c.,

R.

"In Ireland to-day the pen is more dangerous than the sword. It has led to the sudden death of its user far too often to make it a comfortable means for conveying personal opinions. Sensible folk give no name or address, and therefore I hope you will realize why the writer of this epistle adopts caution.

The air vibrates to-day with tales of a near settlement. We all hope that they may be true. Our county and Kerry seem to be the storm centres from which the troubles extend to the other Southern districts. In Cork we are cut off from the interior of the country. The railway bridges and the permanent way are all broken. Road bridges are down and the roads are mined. Motor-cars run to Mallow and other towns at considerable risk. This week they have to risk the danger of sniping, and only a few indulge in the adventure. In the country to the West, around Glanmire, and all through that district, armed raids are of almost nightly occurrence. Robbery is the object, for clothing in particular and money. One large house was raided sixteen times. Its owner on one occasion was taken from it and tried for his life. Another house five times raided, the owner fired on. Another seven times, and so on. The farmers have to feed the masterless men responsible for this conduct. The gentry have to do so also and permit them to sleep in the beds at night. The itch is rampant, and is carried from house to house by these unwashed beasts. Farmers and others returning from market are robbed. Provisions and money are taken from them within two miles of the city. The National Army are getting this evil somewhat under control. As for the city, robbery and murder still go unchecked. Human life is cheaper than the morning papers. I estimate that merchants lost in raids on their cashiers over £1,000 last week. Few robberies are reported. Nearly everyone pays wages by cheque to each worker. It is dangerous to obtain and carry coin through the street. To-day a bomb was thrown at a military lorry in Patrick Street at 10.6, when the side-walk was crowded with shoppers. Reports say some people were hurt. The military used revolvers or rifles, adding another danger for civilians. If they fired it was contrary to recent practice here, as they have, I hope, respect for human life. Our nights are not as disturbed as they were last month. Perhaps we sleep through the gun fire, and I fail to see any gleam of light in the surrounding darkness. Taxes are not paid and there is no machinery to enforce payment. The military operations are costly and it is estimated that we are spending one million a day. The Government seem to be snowed under and we are piling up a big national debt. They set the lesson in the days before the truce. 'Pay no taxes!' To-day that instruction is turned against themselves by the men who helped them to win independence. When the new courts begin to function they may be strong enough to collect the sums unpaid. I heard a few days ago that six thousand writs are awaiting the setting up of Law Courts to be completed and issued in the city alone. The majority and many of the old loyal people desire to help the National Government, but they object to pay if England is to benefit thereby. Her claims must be treated as bad debts. The Sinn Fein element say, and the other side hold, that England gave no value for the money. She sold them and in many cases was responsible for their ruin. Why therefore pay when no value was received?

The National Government is badly crippled for want of funds. Trade is ruined, incomes vanish with it and taxes follow—especially Income-tax. To leave the city for Queenstown, Mallow, or England, and for any place in Ireland, a permit is needed from the military authority. Motors, drivers and occupants must have permits, and nobody, unless it is necessary to do so, will go in a car outside the suburbs. Many people are of opinion that things are going from bad to worse. The Government lack the experience and outlook that would enable them to grapple with the Terror. I hope that they will win through, but it will be a long time before we have settled conditions, and I doubt if the Church will ever regain the power she has lost. She sowed the seed in the schools and with her we reap the harvest.

In conclusion, I congratulate you on being in a land where Peace reigns and life is secure. As I write rifles and machine-guns are speaking not far away.

P.S.—Since writing I met a man who had come to the city *viâ* Mallow by motor. The journey took five hours. There were fifty-one trees cut down and blocking the roads. He was warned in Mallow of the risks he took in attempting the journey, and was informed at a garage there that eight motor lorries used for transit of goods to and from Cork had been burned that day. A short time since I met a lady from the Lismore district. She came to the city on a motor lorry to obtain provisions. I am informed that she was robbed on the return journey and all her purchases taken. To get by road to Macroom, the journey means a run of forty-five miles. It can only be attempted when rivers are low and fields are dry, for it means crossing country.

Poor old Ireland! It is all too sad for words."

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Enclosed account of the adventures of a lady travelling lately from Dublin to Clonmel is an instance of difficulties encountered continually by unfortunate passengers who are obliged to travel by rail in Ireland.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. W. R.

"We had an awful day of it. Left Kingstown at 7 a.m. to come by Dublin S.E. At Macmine had to wait two hours to get across a bridge blown up for the seventh time. We were pushed across in trollies by men. Got another train which was held up outside Waterford and the mails raided. Another two hours wait there, train to Fiddown, motor to Carrick, and finally we thought the last stage was reached when we got into the train from Carrick to Clonmel, but just as we got near Anner Castle the train stopped and Republicans ordered everyone and their luggage out. The hand luggage was taken and pitched down the embankment into a hedge, even my umbrella, a parcel of roses and box of china. We were ordered to go up the line and to hurry. We stumbled along in the dark a good way up the line. We were ordered to go down the embankment and cross a barbed wire fence into a field, all the time being urged to 'hurry on.' I asked where we were being sent to and what they were doing, but the other people in the train kept on saying 'don't say a word,' 'don't speak at all.' Meantime the engine had been sent up the line, and presently we saw it coming back full speed and thought it was being sent down the embankment on top of us, so we started tearing across the field away from it. But that was not the scheme. It was sent crash into the standing train—a grand spectacle, like a cinema! One coach went up into the air, and another overturned. After that, we were told we might go home. We were not allowed to go back for any of our luggage, so trudged into Clonmel (about five miles), arriving home about ten p.m. Isn't it a grand country to travel in! Every journey gets more difficult. I hope you will fare better when you attempt it. Everyone says now motors safer than trains."

A VICTIM OF THE LAW.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—As a subscriber and an appreciative reader of your splendid paper, I trust you will pardon me when I express my dismay in reading the article "A Victim of the Law," in which you defend alteration in our Marriage Laws. Coming from you such advice demands attention. I would that you had reached a different conclusion! There is no doubt that there are many sad cases and many greater hardships than those endured by Mrs. Rutherford. But, to release these "victims," are we prepared to pull down the whole structure of home and family life by introducing fresh legislation—humane from the world's standpoint, but which totally ignores definite commands from the Highest Source? Have

we reached a period in the world's history when patience and self-denial are no longer to be conspicuous and every burden must be removed as soon as it becomes irksome? Is there no selfish motive behind the desire to be free to contract another marriage and in *creating* a position which may be unfavourable to the children? A husband in confinement can no longer cause actual suffering. Why should not a mother with six children find permanent happiness in the upbringing of her family; also solace and full scope for her energies?

Those who would mend these evils should rather bend their energies to devise restrictions whereby marriage becomes a more serious affair and not lightly undertaken as at present. This would be for the good of the State and the safety of the parties concerned. The sacredness of the marriage vow, with the acceptance of what it entails, and the consciousness that it is only dissolved by death, has *made* the greatness of English family life. Do we surrender our standard without bringing untold future misery upon our children?—I am, Sir, &c., FRANCES E. MATTHEWS.

The Cedars, East Grinstead, Sussex.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In your article "A Victim of the Law" you advise your readers to read Dr. Charles's book *The Teaching of the New Testament on Divorce*. May I suggest that they should also study the reply by Dr. Gore and Dr. Box, called *Divorce and the New Testament*, published by the S.P.C.K.? They will then be able to judge for themselves how far Dr. Charles's views have won the consent of scholars.—I am, Sir, &c.,

CLEMENT F. ROGERS.

University of London, King's College, Strand, W.C.2.

THE MESHES OF TAXATION.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I read with special interest the leading article which appeared under the above heading in your issue of November 4th, and heartily agree that in their letters to the *Times* both Mr. Herbert Gibbs and Sir Bernard Mallet effectually emphasized the need for inquiry as to the most equitable means of raising revenue. Undoubtedly this is a question of primary and fundamental importance. As a continuous and appreciative reader of the *Spectator* I know something of its proverbial fairness of comment and its traditions in giving credit where credit is due.

May I, therefore, say that the demand for inquiry is not a new one, and in particular was made in a very significant relationship over two years ago. The Report of the Royal Commission on Income-tax, published March 11th, 1920, contained several impressive reservations. That made by Mr. J. Walker Clark, J.P. (Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of this Chamber), embodied the essential considerations to which Mr. Gibbs refers. Mr. Clark said, *inter alia*:—

> "I submit that this Royal Commission cannot properly recommend either increased or reduced taxation for any class or for any income, unless the full facts are completely disclosed and accurately known to us. If additional evidence of this character had been received, and our findings thereon had been clearly stated, the Report would, in my opinion, have been enormously increased in importance, both as regards its permanent value to all who study national and Imperial finance and taxation, and also as a basis for legislation. . . . An ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer recently stated that, whereas in 1912 the indirect taxes produced 42 per cent. and direct taxes 58 per cent. of the national income, in 1918 indirect taxes produced 18 per cent. and direct taxes 82 per cent. . . . As all these changes tend to relieve the smaller incomes and to increase the burden on the larger incomes, I am unable to agree to any raising of the exemption limit or to any additional taxation on higher incomes until I am satisfied that all incomes are equitably contributing their quota, and that greater injustice will not result by increasing taxation on those who are already inequitably over-taxed."

At a joint conference of traders' organizations promoted by this Chamber and held prior to the introduction of the last Budget, a resolution was unanimously adopted pressing the Government to institute inquiry, by means of a Royal Commission, into the basis and incidence of direct and indirect taxation and local rating as affecting individuals, firms, private and public companies, co-operative societies and public authorities, in relation to income, taxable ability and capacity, and with due regard to the benefits received by various sections of the community from State and municipal assistance. Speaking for this Chamber, I can give assurance that these submissions will be renewed in earnest representations to the new Government.—I am, Sir, &c.,

PATRICK HOWLING, General Secretary.

The National Chamber of Trade,
Buchanan Buildings, 24 Holborn, E.C. 1.

THE NEED FOR ECONOMIC TEACHING.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I have read with pleasure the correspondence on the need for Economic teaching. It is clear that the country is awakening to the need of some understanding of all these great problems, and my experience with the Workers' Educational Association and other forms of adult education have shown me how real and genuine is the demand for such teaching amongst many of the wage-earning classes. But it is also very obvious that the type of boy with whom we at the public schools have to deal is not usually very well-informed about subjects connected with finance, taxation, capital and labour, and so forth; and in the last ten years I have been trying experiments in a small way at Eton to interest these boys in these problems. My efforts have been rewarded with a very genuine keenness on the part of many; and it does not seem to me too much to suggest that some such teaching should become part of the regular curriculum of many public school boys in their last year or two, before leaving for the Universities, business, or the Army.

The difficulty usually urged is that the existing textbooks on the subject are too difficult. This is not really the case, such books as Professor A. W. Kirkaldy's *Wealth*, or Mrs. le Mesurier's *Common-Sense Economics*, to name only two out of many, are well within the grasp of a public school boy, and lead to thought and discussion, suggesting plenty of subjects for Essays.—I am, Sir, &c.,

CUTHBERT BLAKISTON.

Eton College, Windsor.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ECONOMIC COURAGE.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—The Coalition was torpedoed by the Independent Conservative Party, commonly known as the "Diehards." As soon as the smoke and turmoil that followed on the great explosion had cleared away, the curious spectacle was presented of a shower of honours and offices falling mostly on those who had but lately manned the sunken vessel; many of whom, too, had only struck out valiantly for the shore when the din of the detonation was already ringing in their ears. I am not complaining that the men who had borne the heat and burden of the conflict have not received—at least as regards the greater offices—the fruits of victory. They did not ask, and never have asked, for such rewards. It was quite clear that at the Carlton Club meeting they deliberately kept in the background. So long as the Coalition was brought to an end, they were disdainfully indifferent to whom the loaves and fishes of office were to go.

But what *is* important is that there should be a change of policy, and there are too many indications that some of the leaders are anxious to protest that there is hardly any change at all. Lord Curzon, for instance, urged in favour of Mr. Bonar Law that he "had assisted the Coalition Government in putting upon the Statute Book some of the most progressive and liberal measures that have ever been enacted." If Lord Curzon was referring, as seems likely, to the series of semi-Socialistic, anti-economic expedients pressed upon the late Administration by the Labour Party, which have compromised our whole financial position, and against which most of us thought we were fighting when we turned out the Coalition, then I can only say that the particular ground on which he claims support for the new Government is singularly unfortunate. Mr. Bonar Law was chosen not for any participation in these expedients—if he did participate in them—but because we trust him to get back to a saner economic standpoint. We do not believe that these measures were "progressive and liberal," but rather that they were obscurantist and retrograde.

One of the strangest facts of political psychology is the apparently ineradicable yearning of official Conservative leaders to steal the clothes of their political opponents, and

their tacit acceptation of the question-begging interpretation which the latter choose to put upon those hard-worked and misused terms "progress" and "reaction." They will admit, as a general law, that depletion of the national capital fund is one of the worst things that can happen to the community, the workers included, yet the moment it is a question of voting against, say, confiscatory Death Duties or a too steeply-graded Income-tax, they shrink back and allow their case to go by default.

It is no earthly use running away from the taunt of "reaction." That taunt is going to be levelled, whenever the Government act and whatever they do, and they may as well face the fact at once. The only sound course is to meet it boldly by maintaining that the word is properly a neutral one, that there are normal and healthy reactions, and that to react from an evil course is itself progressive. If the mere flourishing of the epithet "reactionary" is going to send the new Cabinet shuddering back to a pinchbeck imitation of the late Coalition's policy of manipulating economic laws and pandering to Socialistic aspirations, then it is not easy to see how we are to gain by the change of Government.—I am, Sir, &c., P. E. Roberts.

Worcester College, Oxford.

A CAPITAL LEVY.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—In reading the article on "A Capital Levy" in your issue of November 11th, I see, as everyone must, the difficulty of the valuation and sale of Capital on a large scale; but is the necessity of a sale as obvious? The State accepts certain securities in payment of Death Duties; why should it not accept any trustee securities, at their price on a given date, in payment of a Capital Levy, not for the purpose of selling them, but to hold them as it holds Suez Canal shares? The dividends could be hypothecated to the service of the National Debt. The writer of the article says that the Capital Tax Collector would refuse payment in kind, such as diamonds and houses; he omits, in this connexion, the railway debentures mentioned a few lines before. I am not an advocate of a Capital Levy, but it seems a pity to use a weak argument against it; or might a Socialist Government some day sell even the Suez Canal shares?—I am, Sir, &c., A. A. Lea.

53 *South Terrace, Littlehampton.*

THE PALESTINE QUESTION.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—I shall be much obliged if you will allow me to point out that the statement in your issue of November 11th that "Dr. Weizmann and his friends" have "squeezed" money out of the British taxpayer is utterly unfounded and unjustified. Neither the President of the Zionist Organization nor any member of the executive has ever applied to His Majesty's Government for any financial support whatsoever, nor, in fact, has His Majesty's Government ever expended a single penny upon Jewish colonization in Palestine. Not only has the British Exchequer contributed nothing to the creation of a Jewish National Home, but the Administration of Palestine itself has likewise given no financial aid. The simple fact is that all that has been done, and is being done, in Palestine in connexion with the promotion of the Jewish settlement is being paid for by the Jews themselves, who, during the last four years, have spent £4,000,000 in the country.

The cost of the civil administration in Palestine is defrayed entirely out of the local revenue. All that the British taxpayer pays for is the maintenance of the military defence of the country. The cost at present is £2,000,000, which is equal to a tax of about a penny in the pound—surely no intolerable burden; and it was officially announced a few months ago that the amount would be reduced to £1,500,000 next year and to £1,000,000 the following year. In any case, it should be borne in mind (1) that the troops in Palestine are part of the Regular Army, who would have to be kept just the same even if they were removed from that country; and (2) that they are required not only for the preservation of order in Palestine, but also to protect the Suez Canal, which, after the contemplated diminution of British forces in Egypt, would otherwise be seriously exposed. The remark that the Emir of Transjordania might take over the Mandate for Palestine was probably made in ignorance of the fact that that dignitary has the utmost difficulty to maintain order within his own domain and needs the assistance of British troops and aeroplanes. And to suggest that Dr. Weizmann would try "to squeeze money" out of the Emir must appear ludicrous to those who know that the Ruler of Transjordania cannot defray his own expenditure and receives a grant of £100,000 from the British Exchequer.

There is no justification whatever to speak about "neglecting our pledge to the Arabs," as no pledge was made to the Palestinian Arabs beyond that contained in the Balfour Declaration, and this is being faithfully observed. And, in any case, there could be no justification to violate the pledge to the Jewish people, which has been embodied in a Mandate ratified by the League of Nations. To propose, as you do, that Great Britain should ask to be relieved of the Mandate would be not only to deal a serious blow at the League of Nations, which you profess to support, but also to degrade a promise of the British Government to the level of a mere "scrap of paper." It is utterly erroneous and unjust to suggest that "a handful of Jews" rule over an Arab majority, as there is not a vestige of Jewish government in the country. The Administration of Palestine is a British Administration, directly responsible to the British Government; all its heads of departments, with two or three exceptions, are British Christians; all its District Governors, without exception, are British Christians; and of the 360 officials in its senior service 165 are British Christians and only 50 are Jews. It is greatly to be deplored that you should risk your traditional reputation for fairness by basing your criticism upon hostile misrepresentations, and that you should have been misled into expressing approval of the latest crusade against the Holy Land.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Israel Cohen.

[We said that Dr. Weizmann would not be able to squeeze money out of the Ruler of Transjordania because the Ruler was much more likely to be in need of money himself. Surely to appeal to the League for relief is rather to recognize the League than to deal it a serious blow.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

THE "SPECTATOR" AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—May I support the letter in your issue of to-day asking that greater magnanimity be shown in your treatment of Mr. Lloyd George. You use in to-day's *Spectator* a statement from Lord Curzon's speech as to Mr. Lloyd George's influence in foreign affairs as "illegitimate." I see in the *Times* of yesterday that Lord Curzon writes to say that what he said "was just the reverse," namely, "a legitimate influence." I feel sure you will correct this in your next issue, and I would plead for a little more kindness and generosity in your attitude towards the ex-Premier.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. B. Stevenson.

The Rectory, Gunton-with-Hanworth, Norfolk, Nov. 11th.

THE PREMIER AND THEMISTOCLES.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—The writer of the article "A Political Estimate," in your issue of November 4th, asks: "Did not every Greek Admiral in the Council held before the battle of Salamis vote for himself as first choice but add the name of Themistocles as second, with the result that Themistocles was acclaimed leader?" Sir, the answer is in the negative. No such vote was taken before the battle of Salamis. *After* it, the leading Greeks were invited to adjudge the palm for eminent services rendered to Hellas; and it was thus that each leader voted for himself and placed Themistocles second. Eurybiades was the Greek Admiral at Salamis.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. D. G.

A WIDER ASPECT OF THE SMALLPOX OUTBREAK.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—One of the most contagious of all the diseases of mankind has once more made its appearance in England and in the heart of London. But while our anxiety is naturally aroused as to the progress of what may become an epidemic, the wider significance of the visitation is perhaps not

sufficiently realized. The great wars of history have always left the nations with a decreased vitality and the progress of civilization has lessened the immunity of these islands from the epidemic diseases of the Continent. The artificial and unwholesome conditions obtaining in countries ravaged by warfare supply a feeding-ground for diseases which have hitherto been confined to those districts where such conditions are normal. This fact has always been realized by the League of Nations, whose Epidemics Commission has established a sanitary cordon between the stricken districts of Eastern Europe and Russia and the countries of the West. It has been found that famine and the consequent migration of large sections of the afflicted population are the first causes of the spread of epidemics, and the courageous work of this Commission has done a great service in keeping the worst forms of epidemic disease from this country.

A new situation has unfortunately arisen in the question of the refugees of the Turko-Greek war, with which the monetary resources of the League is at present unable fully to cope. These wretched people are swarming in hundreds of thousands into Greece, where it is wholly impossible to deal with them in an adequate manner. Starving, without clothes or covering, already decimated by malaria, they will become an easy prey to the other terrible diseases of the East, which are propagated freely by the cold and the absence of food. Unless prompt measures are taken to ensure their feeding and the supply of necessary medicines, their presence in a country nearer and more accessible to our shores than any of the other afflicted districts will constitute a very grave menace to the nation's health.

To assist in the work of caring for these refugees, an appeal has already been launched in this country by the three societies constituting the All-British Appeal—the Imperial War Relief Fund, the Save the Children Fund and the Friends' Relief Committee—but they have been able so far only to send a small quantity of relief supplies. The Government has also given £10,000 worth of medical stores. But there is great and urgent need of more help. The call of humanity is one which can with difficulty be ignored, but it should also be remembered that our very self-protection is concerned in this work of relief and mercy. Side by side with efforts to improve sanitary and social conditions at home with a view to the avoidance of epidemic diseases, it is of the utmost importance that all possible steps should be taken to reduce the risk of infection from abroad. A practical effort is now being made in this direction by the All-British Appeal, on behalf of which donations will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, the Imperial War Relief Fund, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.—I am, Sir, &c.,

L. HADEN GUEST.

St. George's Dispensary and School Clinic,
Pocock Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E. 1.

THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL AND ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Will you allow me to appeal through your columns for support for the oldest orphanage for boys and girls in the United Kingdom, the Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage? This institution was founded in 1758. Some 7,000 children have passed through its care. To-day it gives to over 300 fatherless boys and girls a home-training and an education whose efficiency in fitting them for the business of life is in no way impaired by the fact that the institution is 164 years old.

The necessary annual income of £20,000 has to be obtained from voluntary contributions; and unfortunately the difficult years since 1914 have left the finances of the orphanage in a critical condition. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is President, and who succeeded his father, the King, in that office, has kindly promised to take the chair at the 164th annual festival, to be held at the Mansion House, by invitation of the Lord Mayor, on December 5th. As treasurer, I shall be most grateful for contributions, whether large or small, for inclusion in the Prince's list on that occasion.—I am, Sir, &c.,

MARSHALL OF CHIPSTEAD.

Temple House, Temple Avenue, E.C.4.

"GOYA AS PORTRAIT PAINTER."

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—After reading the admirable notice in your Supplement of November 11th of *Goya as Portrait Painter*, I think it may be only fair to the distinguished Spanish critic and author, and to myself as editor and translator of this work, to call attention to the following facts. This work, being the first of a series of three volumes, which include the art of Goya as decorative artist and engraver, was placed in my hands when in Spain some years ago by the late Señor A. de Beruete, then director of the Prado Museum, and I was able to carry out his wishes in finding him a publisher for the English edition.

For some unaccountable reason the publisher, after proofs passed, omitted the words "Translated by Selwyn Brinton, M.A.," from the title-page, a matter which, at my request, he has since put right and issued a fresh title-page in the original and proper form. I only mention this because, to one who did not know the circumstances, the impression given in your excellent notice might be of a single volume issued in English, and not of a translation from the Spanish of the first of a series of three volumes by the late Director of the Prado. I will ask your courtesy to put this matter as above stated before your readers, and oblige.—I am, Sir, &c.,

SELWYN BRINTON.

Stanbridge House, Southwick, Sussex.

THE BALANCE OF THE SEXES IN EMIGRATION.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In a most interesting note on Empire settlement by Mr. Evelyn Wrench, in your last issue, he speaks with unmixed enthusiasm of removing "tens of thousands of British youths to our Dominions." But has he considered what the social and economic results would be of any such wholesale disregard of the balance of the sexes? Already in all the country districts of the Dominions men are in a considerable majority over women, while in Great Britain alone (not including Ireland) we have about two million more women than men. Any scheme of settlement which ignores this balance of the sexes must, in the long run, be prejudicial to both the countries concerned.

I am quite aware that the care and placing of girls on arrival in a new country are beset with great difficulties. But if any scheme of this sort is to be a success in the future, either for these islands or for the Dominions, these difficulties must be faced. It is for us on this side to refuse to send any boys without sending at the same time a corresponding number of girls, for whom adequate and proper provision must be made. The Dominions will, in the end, be grateful to us for our firmness in this matter.—I am, Sir, &c.,

CAROLINE GROSVENOR
(Vice-Chairman, Society for the Oversea Settlement of British Women).

TREES TO BEAUTIFY THE ROADS.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In the reconstruction and forming of new roads it is to be hoped that in all the cities and towns, where it is possible, trees will be planted on each side of the road. It will add greatly to the charm and beauty of all such cities and towns and be most refreshing to the passers-by.—I am, Sir, &c.,

3 *Charles Street, Norwich.* ARTHUR MEACHEN.

NOTICE.—When "Correspondence" or Articles are signed with the writer's name or initials, or with a pseudonym, or are marked "Communicated," the Editor must not necessarily be held to be in agreement with the views therein expressed or with the mode of expression. In such instance, or in the case of "Letters to the Editor," insertion only means that the matter or point of view is considered of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication.

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for any article, poems, or letters submitted to him, but when stamped and addressed envelopes are sent he will do his best to return contributions in case of rejection. Poems should be addressed to the Poetry Editor. The Editor requests writers of letters to express themselves as shortly as possible. The pressure on his space is greater than ever before. A short letter has a better chance of being published than a long one.

POETRY.

PROMENADE SENTIMENTALE.

PROFESSOR GOOSE-CAP SPEAKS :

ONE time when the cold, red winter sun
Like a Punch-and-Judy show shrilled in fun,

And scattered down its green perfume
Like the dust that drifts from the green lime-bloom,

I sat at my dressing-table (that chilly
Palely crinolined water-lily),

And watched my face as spined and brittle
As the tall fish tangled in a little

Dark weed, that sea-captains keep
In bottles and perpetual sleep.

My face seemed the King of Spain's dry map,
All seamed with gold—no one cared a rap

When I walked on the grass like the sheepish buds
Of wool that grow on lambs chewing their cuds.

The small flowers grew to a hairy husk
That holds Eternity for musk,

And the satyr's daughter came: I saw
She was golden as Venus' castle of straw,

And the curls round her golden fruit-face shine
Like black ivy berries that will not make wine.

With my black cloak (a three-tiered ship on the Main),
And my face like the map of the King of Spain,

Beneath the boughs where like ragged goose-plumes
Of the snow hang the spring's first chilly blooms,

I swept on towards her; my foot with the gout
Clattered like satyr-hoofs, put her to rout,

For she thought that I was the satyr king,
So she fled like the uncouth wind of spring

Across the sea that was green as grass,
Where bird-soft archipelagos pass,

To where like golden bouquets lay
Asia, Africa, and Cathay.

And now the bird-soft light and shade
Touches me not; I promenade

Where rain falls with tinkling notes and cold,
Like the castanet sound of the thinnest gold

In chess-board gardens where, knight and pawn
Of ivory, scentless flowers are born.

EDITH SITWELL.

FROM THE JAPANESE.

OLD AGE.

I EXPECT, when night falls, to have my house full of visitors;
The ghosts of past days, foul and fair.
And I am prepared to salute all alike, courteously,
To thank some of them, that they are now but shadows,
And the others, that they were once alive.

G. M. HORT.

THE THEATRE.

"THE CENCI: A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS," BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, AT THE NEW THEATRE.

WE are all deeply indebted to Miss Sybil Thorndike and to Mr. Lewis Casson for their production of Shelley's principal dramatic work. It is an encouraging sign to find actors showing such good judgment and enterprise—much more encouraging than if we owed these matinées to some commercial syndicate of theatrical speculators or even to a private society. After all, our actors should be the upholders of our dramatic traditions, the guardians of our dramatic literature. It should not be left to men of letters to point out to the theatrical profession the great dramatic masterpieces of our language. Bit by bit, thanks to the efforts of experiments like these, and thanks to the example of individual actors and to the work of societies like the Phœnix Society, the Stage Society and the British Drama League, we shall get a more intelligent and vigorous theatrical profession, and when we get that we shall see plays produced at our theatres which will be worth going to see in place of the trash which the modern theatrical speculator in the West-end is pleased to provide.

The production of the play by Mr. Lewis Casson was admirable. The essential matter is swiftness of action, and this Mr. Casson secured by having a simple set scene adaptable with slight variations to every one of the thirteen different scenes of the play, and by making only one interval. The setting itself was excellent, and the early Italian costumes designed by Mr. Bruce Winston delightful. The music—which is the booby-trap of bad producers—was restricted to its legitimate function. There was no irruption of inappropriate caterwaulings into the body of the drama; there was merely an accompaniment to a dance at the feast in Act I. Scene 3, and to the song in Act V. Scene 3.

The play took exactly three hours, including the twelve minutes' interval. Mr. Casson informs us that at the only other performance—a private one in 1886—it took four hours. As Mr. Casson gave the play practically whole (only 150 lines out of 2,343 were cut and these lines were cut solely because they impeded the action), we must consider the present production at least twenty-five per cent. better than the previous one, since to drag out a play like *The Cenci* is to kill it.

Well, now that we have seen *The Cenci* on the stage what are we to think of it? I can say at once that I did not find it a moment too long. When one considers the extraordinary difficulty of the theme and the entire absence of any relief from its pitch of sustained gloom and suffering it must be reckoned a marvel of dramatic construction. It holds our attention from the first moment to the last. It might be thought that after the murder of Count Cenci the interest would flag, but, on the contrary, it deepens. In fact, the last Act of the play is the most moving of all. It is what it should be, the culmination of the tragedy, the moment when its meaning flowers with a complete and extraordinary beauty. The prisoners are in their prison cell, Beatrice is asleep. Bernardo enters. Beatrice awakes and says :—

> "I was just dreaming
> That we were all in Paradise. Thou knowest
> This cell seems like a kind of Paradise
> After our father's presence."

What could be more perfect than that? So simple, so direct! Then the magnificent speech by Beatrice beginning

> "Oh,
> My God! Can it be possible I have
> To die so suddenly? So young to go
> Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!"

with the wonderful lines :—

> "No God, no Heaven, no Earth in this void world;
> The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!"

Not a line failed in its effect, and all led up to the keystone of the play—this play which is not a realistic dramatization of a mediaeval crime, but a marvellous objectification, a concrete piece of dramatic music, in which lie expressed, designed like a piece of architecture, Shelley's love of goodness and his hatred of tyranny and cruelty :—

> "Oh, plead
> With famine, or wind-walking pestilence,
> Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!
> Cold, cruel, formal man; righteous in words,
> In deeds a Cain."

Miss Sybil Thorndike's Beatrice was the best thing this notable actress has yet done. She had subdued some of her mannerisms, and acquired more restraint. Her performance was a very remarkable one. Mr. Robert Farquharson—whose performance as Ferdinand in the Phoenix production of *The Duchess of Malfi* had, as I stated at the time, a touch of genius—is one of the finest actors in England at the present day, one of the very few who have real imaginative power. His Count Cenci is a masterly performance. No one should miss this opportunity of seeing *The Cenci*. It is to be performed again on November 20th, 27th and December 4th.

W. J. TURNER.

The usual "Recreations of London" will be found on page 735.

BOOKS.

TWO BOOKS ON THE JACOBITES.*

In these days of Wrath and shifting values it is consolatory to note that the tale heroic, like Keats's "Nightingale," is not born for Death, and that no repetition can stale its charm. This is the more remarkable when it owes its appeal, not to its literary form, but to its initial qualities of Pity and Valour. Such, for instance, are the histories of Joan of Arc and Prince Charles Edward. Voltaire's formidable ribaldry could no more laugh the Maid out of her consecrated niche in the hearts of humanity than the latter-day follies of White Rose Leagues can turn into ridicule the epic of Prince Charles and his Highlanders.

If any proof was needed of the unfailing popularity of the Saga of the Stuart Prince, it would be found in the publication of the twin volumes, *The Jacobites and the Union*[1] and *The Forty-Five: a Narrative of the Last Jacobite Rising*,[2] by Several Contemporary Hands, compiled and edited by Professor C. Sanford Terry—volumes in all respects worthy of the author's reputation as the chief living authority on that period. Professor Terry's ingenuity is scarcely less admirable than his scholarship, for it is no easy task to piece together the actual words of the various actors in the drama. Undoubtedly, as the editor claims, it is the best method "to recover the romantic atmosphere which irradiates the story." But since Whig and Tory, true man and traitor, jostle each other in these pages, much as they did in the Stuarts' councils and armies, to have welded a readable narrative out of such contradictory material is no small achievement.

In *The Jacobites and the Union*, with its account of the various "movements" of 1708, 1715 and 1719, the inquirer into historical detail will find much that is novel. To the general public the book will be chiefly interesting as affording an explanation—if explanation is needed—of the successive failure of the risings made in favour of the old Pretender. A Pretender who, when asked to select four or five companions to accompany him on a forlorn hope, includes his confessor in the party, is evidently predestined to failure. "When we saw the Person we called our King" [James VIII.], writes one of the Elder Chevalier's followers, "we found ourselves not at all animated by his presence, and if he was disappointed in us, we were tenfold more so in him; we saw nothing in him like spirit; he never appeared with Chearfulness and Vigour to animate us: Our men began to despise him: some asked if he could speak: his countenance looked extremely heavy: he car'd not to come abroad among us Soldiers or to see us handle our Arms. . . . I am sure the Figure he made dejected us."

"Look on this picture and on that!" The Elder Chevalier was certainly not a "satyr." He was a comparatively respectable mediocrity, born middle-aged, and peevish into the bargain; while, on the other hand, Prince Charlie stood to the majority of his countrywomen, and to a fair proportion of his countrymen, as Hyperion's very self.

That it is the Adventurer, rather than his circumstances, that makes the whole difference between a hole-and-corner insurrection and the High Adventure is shown in the description of the Prince at his first landing. "In about half ane hour," writes an eye-witness, "there entered the tent a tall youth of a most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, not very clean, and a cambrick stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a plain hatt with a canvas string having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons; he had blue stockins and brass buckles to his shoes; *at his first appearance I found my heart swell to my very throat.*" This is history. Yet hardly otherwise would Robert Louis Stevenson have introduced the hero.

When the "tall youth" speaks, the charm is consummated. For if Charles Edward had something of his Sobieski grandfather's military talents, he had also inherited the ready wit of Henry IV.—that happy word which is a clarion-call to doubters and laggards. At his landing, with the cry of "I am come Home," he struck the right chord, the chord which he maintained almost throughout victory and defeat, the secret of much of his power over the imaginations of a whole people.

No romance is complete without a heroine. Prince Charlie, not altogether unhappy so long as his foot trod the heather, must be esteemed fortunate in that it was Flora Macdonald who was cast for that part—Flora of whom Dr. Johnson said "that her name will be mentioned in history with honour if courage and fidelity be virtues." The artless if not unfamiliar account of her guidance of the Prince is indeed the gem of the book. In these simple records the noble figure of the steadfast girl, "a peculiar sweetness mixed with majesty in her countenance"—as a London contemporary described her—shines forth clear-cut against the glorious staging of perils encountered and surmounted amid a landscape of incomparable beauty. And the Prince is not unworthy of "our lady," as he tenderly called Flora. Nowhere does he show to better advantage than watching over her slumbers in the row-boat or singing songs to cheer her when the storm runs high.

Flora undoubtedly saved the Prince's life. Six weeks later a St. Malo privateer, strangely misnamed 'l'Heureux,' bore the fugitive to France. Happily, in this volume, the curtain falls with the weighing of anchor in Lochnanuagh. We are not asked to exchange the vision of the "fair-haired laddie," who, if Fate had been kinder and allowed English guns to sink the boat, would have remained the young Marcellus of the Highlands, for the brutalized drunkard of the Palazzo Muti.

> "I ance had sons, but now hae nane,
> I bred them toiling sairly,
> And I wad bear them a' again
> And lose them a' for Charlie."

Let us think gently of the youth who could inspire such a song

THE NEW AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW: "FOREIGN AFFAIRS."*

It is a familiar criticism of the American people that they know little of foreign affairs. As some of the best Americans have made a practice of reproaching their countrymen with this lack of knowledge, we may take it to be true in general that Americans have not a knowledge of other countries proportionate to their own high standard of education. Nevertheless, their knowledge is much greater than it was and it continually grows. In any case we need not attribute blame. The reason is obvious. The tradition of political isolation has deprived Americans of any strong incentive to study European countries. They live a long way from the Old World, the din of whose affairs reaches them only in a faint sound-wave. How different are their circumstances from those of every State in the Continent of Europe, where people are nervously conscious of the proximity of their neighbours and the vulnerability of an invisible frontier line! In view of these facts we have often been astonished at the intimate and scholarly acquaintance which some Americans, particularly those belonging to the Eastern States, display with the affairs of Europe. They have been driven to acquire this knowledge not by necessity but by a love of learning—a love helped in some cases, of course, by the well-known passion of well-to-do Americans for travel.

Those Americans who know wish that others should know too, and we desire to give a specially hearty welcome to the new Quarterly Review called *Foreign Affairs*, the purpose of which is to spread the light. It makes a brilliant beginning. The articles are well chosen and the print and paper are excellent. It incorporates the old *Journal of International Relations*. An editorial statement explains the purpose of the new Quarterly:—

"In pursuance of its ideals *Foreign Affairs* will not devote itself to the support of any one cause, however worthy. Like the Council on Foreign Relations from which it has sprung it will tolerate wide differences of opinion. Its articles will not represent any consensus of beliefs. What is demanded of them is that they shall be competent and well informed, representing honest opinions seriously held and convincingly expressed. We do not expect that readers of the review will sympathize with all the sentiments they find there, for some of our writers will flatly disagree with others; but we hold that while keeping clear of mere vagaries *Foreign Affairs* can do more to guide American public opinion by a broad hospitality to divergent ideas than it can by identifying itself with one school. It does not accept

* (1) *The Jacobites and the Union: being a Narrative of the Movements of* 1708, 1715, 1719. By Several Contemporary Hands. Edited by Charles Sanford Terry. Cambridge: at the University Press. [10s. 6d.]—(2) *The Forty-Five: a Narrative of the Last Jacobite Rising.* Same authors, editor and publishers. [8s. 6d.]

* *Foreign Affairs: an American Quarterly.* September. New York: 25 West 43rd Street. [$1.25c.]

responsibility for the views expressed in any article, signed or unsigned, which appear in its pages. What it does accept is the responsibility for giving them a chance to appear there."

Among the contributors to the first number are Mr. Elihu Root, M. Tardieu, Dr. C. W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, and Dr. Benes, Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia. Mr. Root's article, entitled "A Requisite for the Success of Popular Diplomacy," is, as might be expected, extremely well argued. The purpose is high yet practical. Can such a thing as popular diplomacy be successful? Is not the very phrase a contradiction in terms? For where the crowd steps in, the subtlety, the technical knowledge and the peculiar experience of the expert are likely to be watered down. Mr. Root recognizes that a popular responsibility for foreign policy postulates much more information and a wider sense of responsibility than yet exist. Nevertheless, he regards the talk about "open diplomacy"—much of it loose talk, of course—as a step in the direct line of the development of democratic government. Limitations and safeguards will be found necessary, but the substance of the popular claim will survive if only because it is now inevitable that public opinion should be not merely the ultimate judge of diplomacy but an immediate and active force in the negotiations. We must quote Mr. Root's analysis of the condition of success:—

"The usefulness of this new departure is subject to one inevitable condition. That is, that the democracy which is undertaking to direct the business of diplomacy shall learn the business. The controlling democracy must acquire a knowledge of the fundamental and essential facts and principles upon which the relations of nations depend. Without such a knowledge there can be no intelligent discussion and consideration of foreign policy and diplomatic conduct. Misrepresentation will have a clear field and ignorance and error will make wild work with foreign relations. This is a point to which the sincere people who are holding meetings and issuing publications in opposition to war in general may well direct their attention if they wish to treat the cause of disease rather than the effects. Given the nature of man, war results from the spiritual condition that follows real or fancied injury or insult. It is a familiar observation that in most wars each side believes itself to be right and both pray with equal sincerity for the blessing of heaven upon their arms. Back of this there must lie a mistake. However much ambition, trade competition, or sinister personal motives of whatever kind may have led towards the warlike situation, two great bodies of human beings, without whose consent war cannot be carried on, can never have come to two diametrically opposed genuine beliefs as to the justice of the quarrel without one side or the other, and probably both, being mistaken about their country's rights and their country's duties. Here is the real advantage of the change from the old diplomacy to the new. Irresponsible governments may fight without being in the least degree mistaken about their rights and duties. They may be quite willing to make cannon fodder of their own people in order to get more territory or more power; but two democracies will not fight unless they believe themselves to be right. They may have been brought to their belief by misrepresentation as to facts, by a misunderstanding of rules of right conduct, or through having the blank of ignorance filled by racial or national prejudice and passion to the exclusion of inquiry and thought; but they will fight not because they mean to do wrong but because they think they are doing right. When foreign affairs were ruled by autocracies or oligarchies the danger of war was in sinister purpose. When foreign affairs are ruled by democracies the danger of war will be in mistaken beliefs. The world will be the gainer by the change, for, while there is no human way to prevent a king from having a bad heart, there is a human way to prevent a people from having an erroneous opinion."

M. Tardieu's article on the policy of France is very interesting, because the author evidently feels it necessary to explain several recent French acts. There is no doubt that the attitude of the French Delegation at the Washington Conference caused surprise if not consternation. American and British minds leaped together from the first moment, and there was never the least sign of suspicion or misgiving among the British representatives when the American Government produced their far-reaching plan for reducing armaments. It was accepted without hesitation. To the average American the French attitude was something new. He had been brought up in an historical tradition which assigned to America and France the leadership in fighting for free institutions. The sympathy of American citizens for the men who made the French Republic and the sympathy of French Revolutionists for the American Colonies when they were fighting Great Britain had never become stale. The denigrating treatment of the disarmament proposals by the French delegates was, as we have said, a shock. M. Tardieu has done well, therefore, to explain what we are convinced is the simple truth, that his country is not at all militaristic at heart. He declares that M. Briand was responsible for one blunder after another at the Washington Conference. In sum, he asks for more mutual knowledge, and he is sure that co-operation between France and America will then be easy and permanent. May it be so! France has everything to gain and nothing to lose by such a policy.

Dr. Eliot's paper on "The Next American Contribution to Civilization" is most encouraging. He lays it down that the five great contributions which America has made hitherto to civilization are peace-keeping, religious toleration, the development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of newcomers, and the diffusion of well-being. Her next contribution, he declares, ought to be "definite American participation in international action to restore stable government in Europe." "America," he adds, "ought to enter heartily into the existing League of Nations."

"America should cease to keep out of the Paris Covenant, 'the greatest step in recorded history in the betterment of international relations,' as ex-President Taft said of it in March, 1919, and give over completely every fear of being called upon to fight, no matter where, in support of the decisions of the League. That fear is now and always has been absolutely unworthy of the American people, false to its history, and even falser to its hopes."

We sincerely congratulate those who are responsible for *Foreign Affairs*. We predict for this new Quarterly a career as useful as it promises to be distinguished.

AN ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.*

THERE is an awful gloom which inevitably settles down upon the Free Mind whenever it is moved to contemplate education, whether in the home or in the school. We are first depressed by the barbarousness of it all, and then completely overcome by the immensity of the problem. Our belief in civilization is at best a delicate growth. When we are faced with such difficulties, one of two things is bound to happen. Either we succumb and take on the protective colouring of "What was good enough for my father was good enough for me and will be good enough for my children," or else we flee the horrors of the majority report and take refuge in the consideration of what a few bold souls are doing. The present reviewer, being secretly an optimist, proposes to adopt the latter plan.

Surveying the changes of the last twenty years in educational theory and practice, we are bound to take heart. The development is really amazing in many ways. Things are not nearly so bad as they were, though of course this is more true of theory than of practice. For the forces of ignorance have become so increasingly powerful in these latter years of grace that we are very hard put to it to make our practice keep pace with our knowledge. But, after all, we don't often beat information into children nowadays, and there *are* a few parents who try not to tell their children to do things "because I say so."

It is interesting to note how the changes in education have followed step by step the growth of psychology as a science. This is very natural, for the *primum mobile* of education is psychology. But the correlation of the two has been such an amorphous business, owing to the haphazard manner in which psychology has developed, that it has been difficult until now always to see the connexion. Individual educationists have fastened upon some fact or principle exposed by psychology and developed it into a method. As education, these methods have suffered from the faulty perspective inevitable to one who rides a hobby. But by an accumulation of such lop-sided efforts pedagogics, as a whole, have undoubtedly benefited. It is only recently, however, that psychologists and educationists have endeavoured to put it all together and to formulate a well-rounded psychology and technique of education. To be sure, the results at present are incomplete and inadequate, but anything more is impossible so long as we continue in the present experimental stage. But, at any rate, we can now begin to see the subject as a whole and to work upon the interrelation of the parts.

In a new volume[1] in the "Modern Educator's Library" Dr. Drever has tried, on the purely psychological side, to bring some order out of the reigning chaos. He begins with

(1) *An Introduction to the Psychology of Education.* By James Drever. London: Arnold. [6s.]——(2) *How to Measure in Education.* By William A. McCall. London: Macmillan. [15s.]——(3) *Methods and Experiments in Mental Tests.* By C. A. Richardson. London: Harrap. [3s. 6d.]——(4) *The Child and the Home.* By Benzion Liber. New York: Rational Living, 61 Hamilton Place. [$2.50c.]——(5) *Education on the Dalton Plan.* By Helen Parkhurst. London: Bell. [5s.]——(6) *Public School Life.* By Alec Waugh. London: Collins. [7s. 6d.]

the fundamental factors of the living organism and conscious and unconscious mental process, proceeds to a discussion of the general tendencies and capacities, and goes on to consider mental training and discipline at the three levels of activity, namely, sense, imagination and thought. He lays special stress upon the effect of the social group in education. In the space allowed him he could not go into much detail. Consequently, we find the practical application of the principles he expounds implied or left to the ingenuity of the reader rather than stated. He has, however, tried to relate the work of Montessori, Freud and the Behaviourists to each other and to a more complete psychology of education. The book contains, therefore, very valuable criticism of these schools.

Inasmuch as there has been considerable discussion of late about the place of psycho-analysis in the school, it may not be amiss to record here Dr. Drever's main conclusions upon this subject. In his general criticisms of the psycho-analysts, he lays very just strictures upon them for their frequent assumption that psycho-analysis provides in itself a complete psychology. He also attacks the followers of Freud because they often "adopt an attitude towards the principles they recognize which is religious rather than scientific, and the inevitable result is the stating of these principles in a way which does justice neither to the facts upon which they are based nor to the reasoning by which they were reached."

The question of the validity of mental tests has been a very knotty one from the beginning. Of these Dr. Drever says:—

"It is a commonplace that individual human beings differ from one another independently of their experience and education. The differences may be in the relative strengths of the various natural tendencies (or interests). Such differences we usually speak of as differences of natural disposition. Or it may be the differences are with respect to the efficiency of certain capacities. Such differences, on the other hand, we usually regard and designate as differences of intelligence or intellectual ability, where they are not mere differences in the efficiency of a sense organ. Within recent times it had become possible to test and measure with some degree of adequacy and accuracy the various phases of intellectual ability. Much has been made of the success attained in this field, and its importance not merely for education, but also for medicine, industry, civics, and politics. The very real success and undeniable importance in all these fields need not be minimized. But it ought to be clearly understood that the various mental tests, of which we shall have occasion to speak later, ought not to loom so large in the educator's mind as to obscure no less important factors in native endowment, which we are not yet able to test and measure. The fact must be emphasized once more that an individual's tendencies are educationally and socially more important than his capacities, however important the latter may be, and despite the contrary belief on the part of the man in the street. In school, and in life no less, it is the driving power that counts in the long run. Until the problem of testing and measuring this driving power is solved, mental measurement is but a broken reed for the teacher to rely on."

This will be especially interesting in connexion with two other books which we propose to mention later.

In general, Dr. Drever's work has been to clear us a middle course through very foggy waters. For chart, he has taken his wide knowledge of general psychology, and with its aid he has managed to keep his perspective undistorted. This is a particularly difficult thing to do in the present turbulent state of things, and he is to be congratulated upon his success. He has met the crying need of the moment for a statement of broad, underlying principles upon which we can base our actions, and now we can only hope that he will devote himself to a more detailed study of the question. Such a work, from so eminent and sane a psychologist who has also the unusual ability to express his ideas clearly, would be of inestimable value.

We now come to consider two important books on the more experimental side of educational psychology. Dr. McCall's book[2] is a very complete account of the measurement of capacities. Although he perhaps claims a little too much for mental tests in the light of Dr. Drever's critique, his chapter on the place of measurement in education is extremely valuable as it brings together all the arguments in favour of his speciality. The volume is full of tests of all sorts, and there are copious and lucid directions for constructing and evaluating them. It is pre-eminently a book for the technician, but Dr. McCall has a trenchant style and an enthusiasm for his work which make it not unpalatable to the general reader. It is exceptional to find a book of this sort written with gusto and real humour, and the present reviewer offers his best thanks to Dr. McCall.

Mr. Richardson's book[3] is of great value, although it contains no leaven for the general reader. It is a technical inquiry into the trustworthiness of the Stanford-Binet Scale and Group Intelligence Tests. It introduces a means of deriving mental ages from a group test and a method of estimating the intelligence quotient of adults and adolescents. The technical points which the author brings out should be very interesting to the expert. The book is not too conclusive a vindication of the tests, however, but Mr. Richardson shows himself a sane experimenter by insisting that at best all mental tests are valuable only when interpreted broadly in conjunction with many other factors.

Coming to the more workaday aspects of education, we find three books of particular significance. The first,[4] Dr. Liber's essays on the rational bringing-up of children, is the sort of book we should like to shout about from the housetops. While the more advanced of modern parents will find little that is new to them in this book, Dr. Liber has here brought together all the details of procedure into a convenient handbook for all parents who are anxious not to make the mistakes their parents did. As for those moderns who still feel that their parents were always wise, we feel that this book should be forced down their throats like the castor oil which they insist on pouring down their children's throats.

Briefly, Dr. Liber's theme is this: "Rational education does not foist on the child any beliefs, theories or ideas, but leaves his mind free and open. It always gives a reason or looks for a reason why anything is said or done. It listens to the child and encourages him to express himself. It tells him the truth." This principle, with all its concomitants in parental problems, is worked out in detail in the book. It is quite useless for critics to object and say: "This is all very nice, but it won't work." We have Dr. Liber's word for its efficacy with his own children. Moreover, the present reviewer has had abundant opportunity to observe the effects of similar doctrines constantly applied by a mother of his acquaintance. What people say, of course, is that "*her* children are naturally (or unnaturally) good anyway." With this view we by no means agree. It is founded on faulty observation. Has the possibility escaped these critics that the methods employed may be responsible for the seeming "goodness" of the children? Dr. Liber's writing often exhibits stylistic curiosities, but his ideas and meaning are never hazy or obscure. If the book has a fault, it is an occasional burst of unnecessary ardour; and there is no index. But its practical value as a handbook remains undiminished.

Miss Parkhurst's work,[5] although it is concerned with the methods of more formal education, has two things in common with the preceding volume: it propounds no dogmatic and inflexible system, and its guiding stars are knowledge and reason. She has worked out on broad psychological principles a method of school organization designed to free both teacher and child from the mental bondage imposed by our antiquated curricula and procedure. She has dared to consider education from the child's point of view, as well as from the teacher's, and she has replaced the traditional inductive method by the deductive. In brief, what she has done is to make it possible without any increase in the staff of a school for the child to avail itself of the stimulus of its own interests to learn for itself at its own rate of speed. Under her plan, the emphasis is placed on learning instead of on teaching, the whole business of school is made more efficient, a higher type of discipline is instituted, and at the same time the mind and personality of the child are freed from the devastating effects of standardization.

Here, again, it is useless to say the scheme is unpractical. It has been successfully adopted by several elementary and secondary schools in both England and America. One has but to go to Streatham or Leeds to see it in operation. We must confess, however, that the testimonies of children which Miss Parkhurst introduces into her volume to support her claims sound forbiddingly priggish. The present volume contains not only a detailed description of the plan in theory and practice, but also sample curricula and assignments. Again we must deplore the lack of an index. Despite the dullness of binding, however, this book and the last are very

cheering, inasmuch as they show work actually being done along the lines indicated by Dr. Drever.

Finally, let us consider Mr. Waugh's latest contribution to educational theory[6]. Although Mr. Waugh's generalities are often very sweeping, the book on the whole is a fairly accurate description of Public School life. Doubtless it will shock some head-masters and parents; others it will merely disgust. Not that it is any startling *exposé*. Perhaps Mr. Waugh has performed a valuable service in bringing the Public School system into question, but his conclusions and proposed remedies are so futile and superficial that the value of his service remains more questionable than the Public School system. It is a pity that he should have rushed into print, knowing apparently so little about psychology and modern educational thought. We are afraid Mr. Waugh "doth protest too much." His book sounds like the work of a "man with a grievance." He might at least have been consistent, however. It is annoying when, in a chapter devoted to proving that the Romantic Friendship is not immoral, he persists in calling it an immorality. The book is moderately well written.

POPULATION.*

Those people who have learned by labour and devotion the joy that is to be harvested from historical reading will be glad to hear of this new book by Mr. Carr-Saunders. It is a work of monumental proportions, profound in scholarship, and balanced in judgment. To the reader it brings again that sense of calm space, of panoramic vision, which he experiences when, leaving the arena of politics and the irreducible questions of the day, he turns to the pages of Gibbon, Robertson, or Thucydides. Certainly this book has that breadth of the classical historians. If it lacks something of their pictorial method, it more than repays by its scientific care. In this quality we feel that it is worthy to stand with Westermarck's *History of Human Marriage*. The author's method of laying out his great accumulation of facts, and of presenting his thesis, is singularly like that of Westermarck. It is difficult to see how any historian or ethnologist following Westermarck could fail to be so influenced.

Before we discuss the effect which this book should have on present day ethics and social ideas, something must be said of its earlier chapters, for they deal a staggering blow to the "Golden Age" illusion which the middle-age of the human race still loves to hold about its youth. We are here presented with facts about the sex-customs and child treatment of primitive races that make the mind temporarily revolt. Learning how newborn babes were beaten to death against their mothers' knees, and how superfluous children, even up to six years of age, were left to starve or were buried alive in conformation to certain laws of magic, we realize what an abysmal darkness ignorance and superstition really are. We see how they can pervert the irrepressible energy of life, which in the world we call the force of nature and in man we call the spirit of God. We can weep over man when we behold him in the beginning timidly creeping after the receding ice of the glacial period, an inarticulate creature, seeing evil even in his own shadow and in the stones on his path. But our tears give place to dry-eyed horror when we see how he muddied the well-springs of his inward being, and, blind to the beauty of his own birth and of the universal nature of those fires within him, twisted and distorted the divine passion of sex into the most loathsome, the most ungracious forms that creation had known since the first ungainly writhings of matter out of the rage of the solar nebula. We are filled with a sense of dreariness in reading of the sex-perversion of children, the practices of abortion and infanticide, and the murder of the aged and the sick, amongst primitive mankind. And that emotion suddenly makes clear how much to-day spiritual conceptions influence our response to the lust of life. To bring a child into the world now is, even to the most atavistic member of our civilization, a deed that makes us co-operators in eternity. But to our forefathers it was just a physical function, arbitrary and personal, involving no birth of parental love, no reinforcement of the dignity of the soul. It may be that the waking human spirit was battling with the mystery of immediate physical environment; that in seeing for the first time with the eye of consciousness stones, trees, rivers, and stars, man was too amazed to look on himself and to find there the beginnings of the subjective revelation which is to translate the universe into the idiom of the mind.

Glorious though the theory of the Golden Age may be, it is the unfruitful theory of pessimism. Our minds have been numbed by the recent war and the resultant calamities in which we are plunged. This economic blunder has blinded us with its consequence of pain. Avarice and passion are in the ascendancy, we think; but it is not true. We have only to look sanely and calmly over the vista of human evolution to see that our civilization is not degenerate, and that its evils are the wantonly stirred up residuum of the past. Insomuch as the act is consciously recognized, by that recognition does the hope of the future expand. In bringing datum and proof to confirm this belief, Mr. Carr-Saunders's book serves as a chapter in the religious gospel of to-day. And what is that gospel? It is the teaching of a new method of judgment, a method devoid of passion and insistent upon evidence. It may be called scientific, if the word has not been spoiled by its early associations. It *is* scientific, but it is directed by the highest faith of all, the faith which is founded in reason, which can see reality in abstractions and direction in number; substituting for the Word, the Logos, of the intuitive eastern mystics this—as Fabre, the French naturalist, invoked it:—

> "Nombre!
> Regulateur des effets et des causes;
> Qui donne le comment et le pourquoi des choses;
> Que me veux-tu, Nombre imposant?"

In the light of this faith, there can be no hate towards individual or institution. Modern political tendencies, clumsy and hurtful to the individual though they be, are but subconscious efforts to apply this new method to the social machine, and to function, not capriciously nor sporadically, but with knowledge that sees all and incorporates all in the equation of the new law.

All this is to show the spirit in which Mr. Carr-Saunders works, and in which we are led with a sense of inevitability to our conclusions about one of the deepest mysteries of mankind, which is the maintenance of his number in relation to his potential means of subsistence. Now that our ethical concepts are enlarging, we are able to assess the problem without the vehemence aroused by the zeal of the Neo-Malthusians. The religious aspect of the question of birth-control is now recognized to be too great for sectarianism. The historical survey shows us how immediately the doctrines of Christ affected the terrible methods which had been practised before His coming. Abortion, infanticide in its most horrible forms, and the murder of the aged had been accepted as inevitable by Aristotle and even by Plato. Mankind took an evolutionary step upward in following Paul and Augustine in their advocacy of celibacy—although, of course, Buddha had been the pioneer of this doctrine. Paul endowed the fœtus with a soul, and on this axiom the Roman Church built all its laws relating to childbirth. By coincidence, events in Europe have been propitious to those laws. But nothing can for long control the march of circumstance, and new conditions are arising on the break up of the Industrial System which necessitate fresh social legislation if man is to readjust his number so that life may again become adequate for the individual. We know now that creeds are but the creatures of ethical necessity. Religions change and pass; but ethical truth is the statement of the human family in its relationship to earth. It cannot be expressed by opinion, bias, or dogma. We are forced to see that if man is to avoid wars, slums, labour troubles, and all evils of social congestion, the principle of the optimum number, per area, *must* be regarded. So in respect of quantity alone birth-control is a social necessity. As for the problem of the quality of the race, that may be a factor of the quantitative problem, and so automatically soluble. Infanticide and abortion are impossible. Mankind has passed beyond that. We can no longer submit to the fortuitous readjustments effected by disease, famine, and war, the last of which the author convincingly proves not to be a natural inevitability. What else is left for us? A study of Mr. Carr-Saunders's book will help to give the answer.

* *The Population Problem.* By A. M. Carr-Saunders. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. [21s. net.]

HOW TO BECOME AN ARCHITECT.*

Though Mr. Yerbury is not himself an architect, no one could better the practical advice to intending architectural students contained in his little handbook, his long experience as secretary to the Architectural Association having brought him into touch with most of the present youth of the profession as well as with its leaders. There is no doubt that the profession of architecture has lost many potential ornaments through the general ignorance as to how it may best be entered, the steps up to other walks in life being usually so much more definitely marked and clearly labelled. Mr. Yerbury may be said to have provided both finger-posts and handrail up the long but enthralling stair that leads to the pleasures, pains and profits of architectural practice. He does not minimize the arduousness of the ascent (for there is no escalator in the Learned Professions), but he gives a hint of the ultimate rewards and of the refreshment to be had by the way in the shape of scholarships and prizes.

The author naturally favours institutional training as against articled pupilage in an architect's office, and, seeing that there are now at least ten times as many students as could be got into the few offices where a really able principal could and would give adequate time and attention to his "pups," the school system is clearly the one to support as ensuring a decently high level of architectural education for the majority.

We have heard a good deal about women architects since the War, though we have never personally encountered one. Mr. Yerbury's views on the subject are unprejudiced and friendly, though his statement of them is somewhat non-committal :—

"The wide responsibilities of general practice, with the recurring anxieties in connexion with large building schemes, involving big contracts, questions of rights of light, complex constructional problems, and the attendant need for frequent travelling and inspection of work under what are sometimes difficult conditions, may not appeal to some women, but even for those there remains a very wide field for activity. If a woman is highly skilled in draughtsmanship she will find plenty of scope in an architect's office, or she may specialize in practice in domestic work, garden design, or decoration, all of which call for a thorough architectural training. It is a fallacy to suppose, however, that the woman student taking up architecture is necessarily bound to make a greater success of domestic work than the man. The common talk of women's superior knowledge of household requirements should in this connexion be ignored by those responsible for entering a girl for the Profession, as it should be remembered that the student coming to her professional training direct from school knows no more of domestic requirements than the male student in the same position, and even if she does have ideas for the planning of the ideal house, she, like her brother, is in due time forced to face the unpleasant fact of costs, and, on the whole, will probably develop a respect for the ingenuity displayed by many of the creators of the 'man-designed house.' That she may in actual practice be able to handle domestic work with greater ease and pleasure than larger works is true, and the same applies to garden design and decoration; but actually the whole field of architectural practice is open to her under similar conditions, as far as she is capable and desirous of conforming to them, as for men."

One of the most useful chapters is that giving a list of the books that it is necessary or, at any rate, desirable that the student should read, whilst others deal with study abroad, museums and professional institutions, architectural practice, draughtsmanship, and of course training generally. A book so informing about a strangely mysterious profession should be secure of a place in every public school library.

EMOTIONAL PHILOSOPHY.†

It is some thirty years since M. Mirbeau informed the readers of the *Figaro* that the beauties of M. Maeterlinck's first drama were superior to those of Shakespeare, and rather less than ten years afterwards M. Mauclair prophesied that the poet would ultimately become transformed into a metaphysician who would astonish Europe. It is necessary to recall these weighty testimonies, as it is not easy to believe that *The Great Secret* is the work of a man who at one time stood only below Ibsen in the public estimation.

The great secret, the revelation which from time immemorial has been reserved for the ears of the initiates of the religions, was (or rather is) "a confession of absolute ignorance with regard to the First Cause and the essential nature of the God of Gods." In a society like ours, based on a conception of personal equality, it is to be presumed that the barrier between initiate and uninitiate would not be tolerated, and M. Maeterlinck has achieved a great work of democratization by offering this last elusive aristocrat, this essential spirit of truth, conveniently to the contemplation of the most feeble mind.

But, he says, as "humanity does not care to linger in hopelessness and ignorance," the religions have concealed the negation on which they are based by a vast invention of anthropomorphic gods, and so permitted the vulgar to transfer the burden of personal responsibility to some easily-imagined deity. The great secret was still retained in the Oriental religions among the initiates (for instance, the "Osiris is a dark god" of the Egyptians) and during Christian times among the Kabbalists, the Gnostics and the mediaeval alchemists and astrologers, all of whom possessed, in a more or less debased form, knowledge of the ancient Hindu philosophy which had descended through Persia, Egypt, Chaldea and Greece to our own civilization.

The source of this "occult" knowledge M. Maeterlinck quite convincingly traces back to the earliest sacred writings in the world—the transcriptions of the pre-historic Hindu tradition. Since, by the very nature of the "Great Secret" he is obliged to deny the possibility of divine revelation, he assumes a superior wisdom, or instinct, in those who lived nearer the beginnings of the race to justify his reverential attitude before the Vedic writings—another way of begging the question.

M. Maeterlinck has the mind of a poet; he believes what he feels, and does not scrutinize his scheme sufficiently closely to decide whether or not it is simply an objectivication of his own desires. His imagination is so concrete that, while it is his virtue as a poet, a dramatist of the insubstantial, it hinders his progress as a philosopher. In the Buddhist metaphysic, existence as we know it is comprised in an exhalation and an inhalation—a breath of the Buddha. He suggests that existence is at present being passed in the period symbolized as an inhalation, a contraction (there is a discrepancy here between image and interpretation). He sees the Solar system rushing towards that fateful spot in space of which astronomers tell us; the planets being drawn into the sun; the satellites to the planets, and every atom crushing closer and closer to the centre of its sphere. It is at this kind of emotional thinking that M. Maeterlinck excels.

POETS AND POETRY.

MODERN AMERICAN POETS.*

It was with lively hopes that most of those in England who care for American poetry took up Mr. Conrad Aiken's new anthology. The anthologist is a man of sincere and sensitive taste, and the material from which he had to choose was quite rich enough to make up a very good single volume. But somehow the thing has not quite come off. Is it, perhaps, that a poet is not a good anthologist except for poets, and does his choice inevitably leave the layman high and dry?

The reader's first thought, if he is at all conversant with American poetical affairs, will be to compare the collection with that made by Mr. Louis Untermeyer and recently published here by Mr. Jonathan Cape. On the whole the comparison will probably end in a judgment in favour of Mr. Aiken. For Mr. Untermeyer's volume, though tolerable, has marked faults. As we should expect in the volume chosen by the author of "Punch: the Immortal Liar" and of "The Jig of Forslin," the real point of the anthology is the curious revelation it makes of American "atmospheric" poetry. I think that on the whole Mr. Aiken exaggerates its unlikeness to English poetry of similar intention. No doubt of it, Emily Dickinson's poetry is very unlike that of say Milton or Shelley, but there seems no particular reason why a differently situated in time Donne or Blake, or even Webster, should not have written it.

But this question of difference aside, there is something impressive in Mr. Aiken's reminder of that element of the mystical, the exotic and the *macabre* which he shows us as

* *Architectural Students' Handbook.* By F. R. Yerbury. London: *Technical Journals*, Ltd., 27 Tothill Street. [10s. 6d. net.]

† *The Great Secret.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. London: Methuen. [7s. 6d.]

* *Modern American Poets.* Selected by Conrad Aiken. London: Martin Secker. [6s.]

an active factor in American literature. Edgar Allan Poe, Emily Dickinson and Mr. Aiken himself are quite enough to add a distinct flavour to the 150 years of literature that America has given us. They play the part of bay leaf in the genuine satisfactions of the American pudding.

> "I died for beauty, but was scarce
> Adjusted in the tomb. . . ."

Surely this, the opening of one of Miss Emily Dickinson's poems, brings a whole aspect of seventeenth-century literature to mind, and it is of Blake or perhaps of Francis Thompson that the following reminds us?—

> "To my quick ear the leaves conferred;
> The bushes they were bells;
> I could not find a privacy
> From Nature's sentinels.
>
> In cave if I presumed to hide,
> The walls began to tell;
> Creation seemed a mighty crack,
> To make me visible."

Miss Emily Dickinson, we must remind the reader, was, most strangely, a contemporary of Walt Whitman's. What a strange being she must have seemed in that society! We shall hope to consider this remarkable creature more fully on a future occasion.

Mr. Aiken's choice from Mr. Vachel Lindsay's work is as unfortunate as his choice in the case of Miss Amy Lowell of "The City of Falling Leaves" is praiseworthy. He might, with advantage, have included the passage from "Can Grande's Castle" which begins, "Beautiful faded city. . . ."

Lovers of Mr. Robert Frost's work will regret the absence of the "Death of the Hired Man" and also "Mending Wall." Why, too, is there nothing from Eunice Tietjens's *Profiles from China*, that enchanting little book whose spirit would have so perfectly accorded with the other worldly flavour of this anthology?

The selection from "H. D.'s" poems shows the extraordinary skill to which this member of the Imagist group has attained. Surely nothing could be more complete and perfect than the following impression of a Nature God who is the natural supernatural. It is, perhaps, one of the most perfectly fused and the most perfectly polished lyrics of the day. Only in rhythm is it negative and unremarkable. That deficiency will seem a little thing or a great, according to the reader's temperament:—

> "I have tasted upon Apollo's lips
> Love and love sweetness,
> I, Evadne;
> My hair is made of crisp violets,
> Or hyacinths which the wind combs back
> Across some rock shelf;
> I, Evadne,
> Was mate of the god of light.
>
> His hair was crisp to my mouth,
> As the flower of the crocus,
> Across my cheek,
> Cool as the silver cress
> On Erotos bank;
> Between my chin and throat
> His mouth slipped over and over.
>
> Still between my arm and shoulder,
> I feel the brush of his hair,
> And my hands keep the gold they took,
> As they wandered over and over
> That great armful of yellow flowers."

There are still said to be English people, reputedly of taste, who are unaware that there is such a thing as modern American poetry. Though we may find particular fault with it, the book is, in general, a complete vindication of America's claim to a poetic literature.

A. WILLIAMS-ELLIS.

FICTION.

THE OPTIMIST.*

IT is an acknowledged fact that the post-War world is strictly divided into two classes. There are those fortunate people known as "Moderns," who are most of them under thirty-five, though by force of temperament a few older men and women are admitted to their ranks. These are the Elect. On the other side stand those who were born before the last decade of the nineteenth century. These unfortunate persons, besides the burden of their years, have to suffer the ignominy, both in the domestic circle and on more official occasions, of having all their views stigmatized either as Victorian or—more damning still, if possible—Edwardian. The Elect take these facts as the plainest matter of course, while the elderly bow their heads as resignedly as they can, applying the criticisms suggested by their own standpoint to the actions, speech, and writings of the younger generation. It is, however, not always recognized that in the ranks of the Elect there is a further and very distinct line of cleavage. There is the elder group, the members of which grew up about 1910 or even 1912—and thus took some part in the pre-War world as adults, or at least as adolescents. These mix the hard logic of their condemnation of the standard of ethics which, as they contend, resulted in so widespread a catastrophe, with a certain comprehension that pre-War ideals were not entirely unworthy, and remember sympathetically the wave of generous emotion which swept the nation in 1914. The younger group of Modernists consists of the ever-increasing number of boys and girls who have grown up since the end of 1918, and who, having watched the War with the critical eyes of early youth, can find no good word to say about any of the conditions which produced it or carried it to its finish. Without going into the question of birth certificates, we may judge that Miss Delafield—such is the punning translation of her maiden name, under which she writes—belongs to the elder section of the Modernists, for although she uses her power as author to select an extreme case as the representative of the "Victorians," she draws the portrait of her victim with a sympathy which her many admirers are hardly accustomed to find in her work. The champion of the old-fashioned ideals of self-sacrifice and duty is a devout Canon of the Church, who believes that he holds his views as the necessary consequence not only of the Christian religion, but—a very different thing—of the direct teaching of Christ. He therefore conceives that anyone who differs from the teaching which he not only believes in, but carries out, must necessarily be committing a sin which it is his duty to reprove, and, if possible, repress.

The protagonist of modern ethics is Owen Quentillian, a writer of subtle essays, who after having been brought up in the house of Canon Morchard, returns to it on a long visit on the conclusion of the military service which he has detested so profoundly. Owen's views can be deduced from his conversation with Valeria, the Canon's second daughter, who has broken off her engagement to him at the eleventh hour for the laudable reason that she discovers she is very much in love with someone else:—

> "'Your father has never liked Captain Cuscaden,' said Quentillian, meditatively. 'I am afraid he will make things very difficult.'
>
> 'I deserve it.'
>
> 'Don't be absurd,' said Quentillian with severity. 'This is that foolish idea of atonement and repentance, and all the other cheap salves to the humiliation of having made a mistake. Don't you see that it's all waste of time and energy, Val? You ought to be thinking of what you're going to do next and how you can do it with least wear and tear for us all. Life isn't a series of sins and punishments or virtues and rewards, as it is in one's nursery story-books. There are actions and their consequences—that's all.'"

That what may be termed the "old diplomacy"—domestic, of course—when applied to a crisis was most unpleasant for all concerned is proved by the following description of the events of the day after Valeria's revelations as to her affections and intentions:—

> "The following day was one of singular discomfort and of private interviews that were held to be of the greatest necessity in spite of the fact that the participants always emerged from them in worse plight than they went in. The Canon saw Valeria in his study; she came out crying. Valeria sought Flora, and both wept. Quentillian deliberately demanded an interview from Captain Cuscaden, but was baffled in his design of a rational discussion of the three-cornered situation by Cuscaden's honest bewilderment at the mere suggestion of disinterested counsel."

However, in consequence of the advice of her sensible elder sister, Lucilla, Valeria is allowed to have her own way and escape from the super-intelligent Owen to a new life in Canada with her lover:—

> "Quotations, collections, barren discussions, abstract ideals all lay behind her. In future her pre-occupations would concern the health and welfare of her husband and perhaps his children,

* *The Optimist.* By E. M. Delafield. London: Hutchinson. [7s. 6d. net.]

food and clothing and warmth, pots and pans and the work of her own hands. And from the depths of her heart Valeria was glad."

It must not be supposed that the story of Valeria is of anything approaching paramount importance in the novel. It is merely an episode among the five which illustrate the main thesis of the book. This we take to be more than the painting of a faithful, if satirical, picture contrasting the false optimism with which the true Christian regards the ills of life with the sincere pessimism which is the obvious result of the freedom obtained from facing facts without the "illusion" of earthly life being only one stage of existence. Miss Delafield's purpose seems rather to be the analysis of the results of a family of five children being brought up in the present day on the old-fashioned theory of the paramount position of the parent, applied with great tenderness by a widowed father. It must be confessed that these results are nothing less than appalling. David, the elder son, cuts the cable, and on the excuse of military duty takes no leave at the end of the War, and, save for an occasional letter to his favourite sister, Flora, holds very little communication with his family. Lucilla, the eldest daughter, has mothered her father, brothers and sisters from the beginning of her early 'teens. Subtly prompted by her father, she has given up all her ambitions for a fuller intellectual life and devoted herself to a career of that old-fashioned virtue, self-sacrifice, which is so highly disapproved of by the new ethics. It does not seem certain that it would have been possible for her to attain a more completely balanced personality, even if she had devoted herself to developing her own individuality; but it may be safely predicated that, though probably more restless, she would have been happier. The story of Valeria has been hinted at above. She attains to happiness because her quondam fiancé makes so gallant a struggle with her father's prejudices that she is allowed to follow her own path. Flora, the musical daughter, becomes so unbalanced through a magnificent effort of mendacity, by which she conceals the truth about David from the Canon, that she finally suffers from religious ecstasy and enters a Sisterhood. Anthony, the spoilt child who can never tell the truth, really has a happier life than the rest of his family, because he boldly allows his father to cast him off rather than give up the work which is offered him on a paper edited by an atheist. Thus, as the Modernist would say, you have a complete catalogue of the terrible effects of Victorian morality. It may be suggested on the other side that the Canon was, as stated above, an extreme case, and that his method of bringing up his children would have been called hopelessly old-fashioned even in the later 'eighties of the last century. Further, that nowhere does the Teacher, Whose Word the Canon followed, suggest that parental control should be carried to the extent of not allowing two grown-up daughters to sit up after about half-past ten, talking in their own bedrooms. However this may be, the children are more or less all unhappy, always excepting Valeria, while the Canon, quite unconscious that his misfortunes are mostly of his own making, bears them with a Christian resignation and optimism which are highly irritating to the reader. Lucilla, with almost superhuman wisdom, sums up the whole situation to Owen at the end of the third episode of the book:—

"'Lucilla'—it is Owen speaking—'in justice to myself—although what you say may be true, if I have judged your father, it has been far more on account of his children—of what I have seen of their lives.'

'You were not called upon to constitute yourself the champion of his children. Valeria, even, had no claim on your championship. It was not you whom she loved; and you, too, tried to make Val what she was never meant to be. . . . And when you speak of our lives, Owen, can't you see that Val and Flora and Adrian and I, and perhaps David too, have come to what we were meant for? No one can stand between another soul and life really.'

. . . . . .

'Isn't it true that to face facts means freedom? That's why I'm not an optimist, Owen. I am willing to face all the facts you like. But you, I think, in judging my father, have only faced half of them.'

'You find me intolerant,' he exclaimed, half-ironically. Never before had such an adjective been presented to his strong sense of his own impartiality, his detached rationalism.

'Not exactly. Only, I'm afraid—a little bit of a prig.'

She uttered the strange, unimposing accusation, not rudely, not unkindly, but almost mournfully.

'Christianity has been accused of intolerance very often, and with only too much reason, but those outside the Churches who frankly claim to be agnostic often seem to me to be the most intolerant of all, of what they look upon as superstition. Why should you despise my father for beliefs that have led him to lead an honourable life, and that have given him courage to bear his many sorrows?'

'You have said yourself that the facing of facts means freedom. I can see no freedom, and therefore no beauty, in living in illusion.'

'Not for yourself, perhaps. Illusions could never be anything but conscious, for you.'

'Nor for yourself, Lucilla,' he retorted, swiftly.

'But how does that entitle us to despise another for holding them?' she demanded quite as swiftly. Nevertheless, Owen detected a lessening of severity, in so far as she had coupled them together in her speech."

It is difficult to understand why Miss Delafield, in a book in which she airs so many interesting problems, should have thought it necessary to end on the banal note of a marriage between Lucilla and Owen. It may be true to life that into just such a marriage would Owen have drifted, and, of course, it is not possible to say that Lucilla would have been unlikely to fall in love with him, because the prophet who dares to advance this opinion in real life is almost always put to shame by finding his conclusions utterly falsified. But for the artistic balance of the story the death of the Canon would have been a far more fitting conclusion. We do not want the picture of Lucilla living with an aunt at Torquay and of Owen coming to the rescue, not because he loves her, but because he is so lonely at Stear. It is not a *ménage* to which we can look forward with any confidence; but Miss Delafield has contrived to make her characters sufficiently lifelike for the reader to ask himself as he closes the book, "If Lucilla and Owen have children, on what principles will they bring them up?"

OTHER NOVELS.

THE OXFORD CIRCUS. By H. Miles and R. Mortimer. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)—This is a parody of the last three or four books which have begun with Balliol and Mr. Urquhart, and gone on about the Café Royal and country house-parties. It is much more amusing than they are and extremely high spirited. Anyone who knows the present-day Oxford and any of its descriptions of itself should be thoroughly entertained by *The Oxford Circus* and its able drawings.

THE LADY IN FURS. By Florence Warden. (Ward, Lock and Co. 7s. net.)—Who committed the murder in this story? The reader will think that he knows until he finds out his mistake at the end of the book. Then, if he has patience to read it again, he will see that his suspicions were ill-founded and he might have known better. This is no small praise for a detective tale.

THE RIGOUR OF THE GAME. By Christopher Stone. (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)—The elusive personality of Mr. Stone's heroine is the most intriguing feature of his new book. She is the least convincing, but, paradoxically, the most natural, of his puppets. Though the "game" is played, as the title denotes, under the aegis of Mrs. Battle, the reader will probably incline to the opinion that that good lady herself would hardly have been a willing patron of such sport. There is altogether too much revoking in the book to have been agreeable to her.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

(Notice in this column does not necessarily preclude subsequent review.)

A DAUGHTER OF NAPOLEON. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

Let not the reader be headed off by Princess Bibesco's introduction, which displays Napoleon worship in a particularly tiresome form. The memoirs themselves are interesting, if slight, and the illustrations, which are charming, incidentally show repeated instances of Napoleon's fine taste in jewellery. Madame de Pellapra, Napoleon's mistress, seems to have been an attractive, headless creature. There is a story of her in the Hundred Days which is not without interest:—

"In 1815, as Chateaubriand says, 'Napoleon invaded France alone,' when he found Mme. de Pellapra again by his side. She had just returned from the great military highways, where in a sort of operetta disguise she had gone to distribute tricolor cockades to Ney's army. Dressed as a peasant carrying her eggs to market, mounted on a donkey, she on one side and her three-coloured eggs on the other, no one thought of stopping her! She laughed and rode on with no password but a joke. These things only happen in France and in French history. The soldiers threw away their white badges, crying, 'Hooray for the hen that lays three-coloured eggs!'"

Students of human nature will find much to interest them in the story of her child's strange marriage.

ANATOLE FRANCE AND HIS CIRCLE. By Paul Gsell. (John Lane. 7s. 6d.)

Admirers of the Master will rejoice in this admirable translation of the *Propos d'Anatole France*. And who, indeed, are not admirers of Anatole France? In this book one is admitted to the Master's house by means of description and the excellent illustrations of M. Calmettes, and to his intimate conversation. It is not table talk, in the usual associations of that term, for Anatole France is not given to long-winded dogmatizing, however brilliant, nor to ponderous pronunciamientos. Rather, we find here the first sketches of many of those brilliant maxims which adorn his pages, but more than that, the ready flow of that sparkling satirical fancy which makes the man and his books what they are. It is an intimate glimpse into a mind and a personality which are quintessentially France. But we are given also a complete mental *entourage* for M. Bergeret. Besides his philosophy and his scintillating conversation, we have his house, his collections, and, above all, his trusted servant, the famous Josephine. It all gives us a delightful sense of the man *living*. This is the overtone. The effect is produced through anecdote and desultory talk. We highly recommend to all dyspeptics the discussions connected with Dr. Brown the American professor in search of an explanation of genius and the incident which had to do with the *Académie* and Hans Carvel's ring.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVELISTS, 1900–1920. By Carl Van Doren. (Macmillan. 7s. net.)

In this book, Dr. Van Doren has brought his study of the American novel up to date. His categories are slightly academic, but when taken in connexion with Waldo Frank's historical perspective in *The New America*, they become really significant, and afford a much-needed guide to the excellent new work now coming from the United States. If Dr. Van Doren's absolute critical standards seem to be a little broader than we should permit ourselves, still he is judicious and his relative standards are trustworthy. Whether one has read the books which Dr. Van Doren discusses or not, his criticism is very pleasant reading, and its sincere enthusiasm is infectious. The reader wants to read the many novels mentioned, not because Dr. Van Doren makes them seem deceptively attractive, but because his carefully considered analyses prove that the books are worth reading. Moreover, with Dr. Van Doren and Mr. Frank to supply an interpretive background for them, these books will now take on an added significance for us on this side of the ocean. If only it were not so difficult to get these works in our bookshops! It is discouraging to have to wait the usual fortnight or three weeks for most of them.

THE CAT AND FIDDLE BOOK. By Lady Bell and Mrs. Herbert Richmond. (Longmans, Green and Co. 2s. 6d.)

This book contains eight dramatized nursery rhymes for performance by children, the scenery being adapted from the furniture of the nursery. They are very charmingly made, and should delight the youngsters, for dramatic point has been given to each of the plays, particularly to *Humpty-Dumpty* and *Oranges and Lemons*, both of which have an *ensemble* scene full of colour and excitement. We have heard it said that children are tiring of these stories of the ageless favourites, but to judge from the success of a recent performance by Edinburgh school-children of Mr. Clifford Bax's *Old King Cole*—the joy of the children, the extraordinary talent and enthusiasm in their acting—we feel sure that there is no truth in the rumour. Of course, *Old King Cole* is the masterpiece of its kind, made by a master of stagecraft; but we feel confident that *The Cat and Fiddle Book*, unambitious as it is, will bring laughter and eager excitement into many nurseries and schoolrooms.

THE LIFE OF CORNELIA CONNELLY. With a Preface by Cardinal Gasquet. (Longmans. 21s. net.)

This anonymous biography of the foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus is a well-merited tribute to a life spent entirely in self-sacrifice. The educational theories upon which Cornelia Connelly worked are described in the interesting chapters on her school at St. Leonards. These are well worth reading, for the principles framed by her are as alive to-day as they were sixty years ago. Many of her vivid and intensely personal letters are printed and add an intimacy to this sympathetic biography.

THE SOCIETY FOR PURE ENGLISH: Tract X. (Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

In its tenth tract the Society for Pure English reports an American invitation to help in organizing an international society that shall attempt "to maintain the traditions and foster the development of our common tongue." Mr. H. W. Fowler contributes an excellent paper on the misuse of grammatical inversion. Writers who believe that the secret of good English lies in avoiding split infinitives and in employing with caution the words "mutual" and "individual" may learn from the examples Mr. Fowler quotes that there are points still more important than these. He classifies and illustrates nine varieties of legitimate and eight of ill-advised inversion. To many of the ugliest inversions there are no definite logical objections; and the question is almost entirely one of taste. The most frequent misuses are (1) inversions of the literary paragraphist, *e.g.*, "Excellent is the drawing and modelling of the babe in 'Mother and Babe'" (*Sunday Times*, 5-11-22), and (2) inversions after relatives and comparatives, *e.g.*, "She is on an easier footing in Syria than *are we* in the neighbouring region of Mesopotamia" (*Observer*, 5-11-22). To see how repulsive these constructions are it is enough to reduce them to their simplest forms. No sensitive author would allow himself to say "Unpleasant is alcohol," or "You write better than do I."

PLAYS OF EDMOND ROSTAND. Translated by Henderson Daingerfield Norman. (Cecil Palmer. 2 vols. £2 2s.)

This is a very good translation of these well-known plays, and in this edition it is elaborately, though not well published. The paper is good but the printing dull, and the binding is highly unattractive. It is a pity, too, that such good work has to suffer Mr. Glidden's somewhat "arty-and-crafty" illustrations. Mrs. Norman has done her work well and with the gusto of the original. She deserved better of her publishers.

THE ONOTO DIARIES FOR 1923. (De La Rue. 1s. and upwards.)

Messrs. De La Rue are considerably reducing the prices of their diaries. The bindings are, as usual, serviceable and attractive, and the thin but opaque paper makes these diaries surprisingly compact. For instance, a diary about five inches high containing four days to a page, with many pages ruled for cash accounts, an alphabetical index for addresses, and a small pocket for visiting cards, is less than a quarter of an inch thick. The fixed ribbon marker is a welcome innovation.

THE RECREATIONS OF LONDON.

SOME PLAYS WORTH SEEING.

NEW THEATRE.—*Medea* .. .. Nov. 25th 2.45
29th 2.45
[The only Greek Tragedy running in London.]

SHAFTESBURY.—*The Cat and the Canary* .. 8.30—2.30
[Go and hear the shrieks of horror from gallery, pit and stalls.]

ROYALTY.—*Mid-Channel* .. .. 8.15—2.30
[Mid-Pinero.]

"OLD VIC."—*A New Way To Pay Old Debts* Nov. 20th 7.30
[Massinger's famous comedy, not a Reparations play.]

LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.—*The Beggar's Opera* .. 8.15—2.30
[Still the best show in London.]

MUSIC WORTH HEARING.

November 20th.—QUEEN'S HALL.—London Symphony Orchestra 8.0
[Brückner's *Romantic Symphony* and much Wagner, disposed of by Mr. Coates.]

November 22nd.—WIGMORE HALL.—Chamber Concert 8.15
[Mr. Harold Bauer has brought together such distinguished musicians as Miss Scharrer and Miss Hess for the purpose of playing the Bach *C major Concerto for three pianos*. Mr. Tertis will play Eric Bloch's *Suite for Viola*.]

November 23rd.—AEOLIAN HALL.—Short Classical Concert 12.0
[Miss Mathilde Verne, Mr. Balokovič, the violinist, and Mr. Tkalčič, a new 'cellist—we are to be entertained in this fashion for an hour every Thursday until December 21st.]

November 23rd.—QUEEN'S HALL.—Philharmonic Concert 8.0
[Mr. Coates again in a first performance of Strauss's Suite *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.]

November 23rd.—AEOLIAN HALL.—Chamber Concert 8.15
[We would not miss Mr. Cooper's delightful performances for a wilderness of symphony concerts. First performance of Saint-Saëns' *Carnival des Animaux*.]

A Mozart Festival is now running at the Old Vic. *The Marriage of Figaro* (November 25th), *Don Giovanni* (November 30th and December 2nd) and *The Magic Flute* (December 7th and 9th) are to be performed. With this delightful venture it is interesting to see associated the names of Mr. Clive Carey and Mr. Edward Dent.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING.

GROSVENOR GALLERIES, 51A NEW BOND STREET.
[Winter Exhibition. Mediocrity, with occasional heights and depths.]

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, 5A PALL MALL EAST.
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[Paintings, drawings and etchings by Three Young Men—Rowley Smart, Leon Underwood and R. N. Chubb. The director must be complimented on giving an exhibition that is vital without being excessively modern.]

LECTURES.

A series of four lantern lectures on art will be given by Mr. Roger Fry in the Lower Mortimer Hall, Mortimer Street (off Upper Regent Street), on Wednesday, December 6th, Wednesday, December 13th, Wednesday, January 10th, Wednesday, January 17th, at 8.30 p.m. Seats may be obtained at the offices of the *Burlington Magazine*, in Old Burlington Street, W. 1. Season tickets, 17s.

FINANCE—PUBLIC & PRIVATE.

By ARTHUR W. KIDDY.

THE OUTLOOK.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—To say anything helpful with regard to the financial outlook on the morning of the General Election might seem to be to attempt the impossible. Within a few hours, and certainly before this letter appears in print, the result of the polls will be known, and if I were merely taking a short view of the situation I could say that, given a decisive victory for the Bonar Law Party, the probabilities are all in favour of an immediate further rise in securities, accompanied by considerable activity in financial operations in general. The possibility of a Labour Ministry can be passed by, but if the result of the Election were to be so inconclusive as to threaten the re-forming of some kind of Coalition, the result would not be beneficial to general business. For the moment, sheer relief that the Election was over and that the Labour Party had been beaten might occasion a temporary rally in stocks, but it would, I think, be short-lived. During the past week the firmness of markets has been largely based on expectations of a Bonar Law victory, though the movement has been helped by the recovery in some of the Foreign exchanges. It is, however, because there are two serious problems with which any new Government will be immediately confronted that I feel justified in suggesting certain points in the outlook for the consideration of investors.

* * * *

Whatever may be the result of the Election, and whatever may be its first effects upon Stock Exchange prices, the dominating influences ere long must be the conduct of the national finances and the method of dealing with the problem of Reparations and Inter-Allied debts. As regards the national finances, the City has respected Mr. Bonar Law's reticence in the matter of mere Election promises. All the same, the point on which the whole country is united is that there shall be intense economy in expenditure, and especially in that form known under the term of bureaucratic extravagance. Moreover, the country also expects from the new Government not merely drastic cutting of expenditure but a careful consideration of the whole problem of taxation. If the Government is wise it will lose no time in acceding to the suggestion made by Mr. Herbert Gibbs for the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the whole question of taxation, so that even when necessary economies have been effected the means used to obtain revenue shall be along lines likely to be least harmful to productive activities and the creation of new wealth.

* * * *

The other problem with which the Government will be immediately confronted is concerned with Near Eastern politics and the economic situation of Europe. It is unfortunate that in these matters finance and politics are so closely intertwined that, although three-fourths of Europe's troubles are economic, the financial and economic experts in formulating remedial schemes are restricted at every point by political considerations. Concerning German Reparation payments, which are at the root of the whole problem of European unrest, both political and financial, I think I had better say quite frankly what are the City's views. Nowhere more than in the City of London is there loyalty to the Entente or a warmer regard for our great Ally. Nevertheless, the City believes that the interests of the whole world will best be served by eliminating as far as possible all bitterness concerning past events, and by arranging the Reparation payments on terms so obviously possible to Germany as to ensure agreement by real consent. The terms, it is considered, should be moderate enough to constitute a perfect test of Germany's sincerity and to justify any ultimatum with which the Allies might choose to accompany their demands. Only so, it is believed, can the Allies maintain their own dignity and

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(30th June, 1922.)

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Reserve Fund - - - -	Yen 65,000,000

The Eighty-fifth Half-yearly General Meeting of Shareholders was held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on the 9th September, 1922, when the Directors submitted the following Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank and the Profit and Loss Account for the Half-year ended 30th June, 1922, which was duly approved.

BALANCE-SHEET.

LIABILITIES.		Y.
Capital		100,000,000.00
Reserve Fund		61,000,000.00
Reserve for Doubtful Debts		2,171,423.96
Notes in Circulation		6,039,611.69
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.)		506,761,874.14
Bills Payable, Bills Re-discounted, Acceptances, and other Sums due by the Bank		305,838,459.29
Dividends Unclaimed		30,986.05
Balance of Profit and Loss brought forward from last Account		4,847,143.40
Net Profit for the past Half-year		10,055,550.64
	Yen	996,745,049.17

ASSETS.		Y.	Y.
Cash Account—			
In Hand	Y.	35,801,954.13	
At Bankers		50,709,964.63	
			86,511,918.76
Investments in Public Securities and Debentures			174,295,876.46
Bills discounted, Loans, Advances, &c.			253,012,016.47
Bills receivable and other Sums due to the Bank			453,931,822.36
Bullion and Foreign Money			19,079,290.69
Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c.			9,914,124.43
		Yen	996,745,049.17

Dr. PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	Y.
To Reserve Fund	4,000,000.00
To Dividend—	
Yen 6.00 per Share for 1,000,000 Shares	6,000,000.00
To Balance carried forward to next Account	4,902,694.04
Yen	14,902,694.04

Cr.	Y.
By Balance brought forward 31st December, 1921	4,847,143.40
By Net Profit for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1922 (After making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, Rebate on Bills, &c.)	10,055,550.64
Yen	14,902,694.04

at the same time save the economic and social position in Europe from becoming desperate. So long as this Reparation problem remains an open sore there will be no peace and no prosperity in Europe, and it is felt that the sooner a strong lead in this matter is given the better it will be. This does not mean that Germany should be let off lightly, but it does mean that so long as the demands are such that they do not command the assent of the whole civilized world, if not of Germany itself, so long must there be, instead of a settlement, continued international friction.

Therefore, while believing that in almost any event the Election will be succeeded by a moderate improvement in stocks, I consider that the duration of the improvement will depend upon the handling of the two great problems I have mentioned.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, ARTHUR W. KIDDY.

The City, November 15th.

FINANCIAL NOTES.

Although as compared with a year ago the October Trade Returns showed a small increase in Imports and a contraction in Exports, the figures were not unsatisfactory having regard to price movements. Moreover, the increase in Imports was almost entirely in raw materials, not infrequently the sign of preparations for increased manufacturing activity at home. An analysis of the total Trade figures for the nine months of the year reveals some interesting points, the principal being the tendency in the direction of an expansion in our Exports to the Continent rather than to our Overseas Dominions. Very striking, too, is the fact that our Exports to Germany alone were double the total for the corresponding period of last year—a circumstance strongly suggestive of a capacity on Germany's part to pay for her Imports and also of industrial activity within the country. During the same period, however, it is fair to point out that the increase in our Imports from Germany was comparatively small.

* * * *

Judging from the Report, recently published, of the English, Scottish and Australian Bank, the position of banking in our Australian Dominions is satisfactory and sound. A year ago this particular bank showed a good increase in its profits, but the figures were affected at that time by the fusion which had taken place with the Commercial Bank of Tasmania. This year, however, the advance in profits is again striking, the gross total being just over a million as compared with £836,000, while the available balance for dividend is £340,000 against £268,000. The conservative policy, however, is being pursued of maintaining the dividend at the same level and making large allocations to the Reserve and to special funds. It is proposed to increase the authorized capital from £3,000,000 to an amount not exceeding £5,000,000, while the present shares of £25 each, with £10 12s. paid, are to be sub-divided into five shares of £5 each, with £2 10s. paid and £2 10s. uncalled.

* * * *

General satisfaction was felt in the City when it was learned that the Court of Directors of the Bank of England had paid the present Governor, Mr. Montagu Collet Norman, the very rare compliment of asking him to serve for a fourth year. With the single exception of Lord Cunliffe, whose tenure of office, both before and during the War, occupied some five years, this is the longest period in which anyone has served the Bank in the capacity of Governor, and in the case of Mr. Norman the actual length of service promises to exceed all records, because for some time before he became Deputy-Governor in 1916 he gave his whole time to assisting Lord Cunliffe and the then Deputy-Governor in the active management of the Bank's affairs. Satisfaction concerning the prospective re-election of the present Governor is due to the fact that continuity of control during these difficult times is thereby ensured and also to a recognition of the wisdom

(*Continued on page* 738.)

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and skill with which difficult post-War financial problems have been handled by Mr. Norman.

* * * *

In view of the admirable way in which Mr. Norman's activities have been seconded by the present Deputy-Governor, Mr. Henry Alexander Trotter, the City learned with real regret that Mr. Trotter was seeking retirement next March. To have remained and then fulfilled the two years of Governorship would, however, have meant practically six years of office, and it must be remembered that most of the Governors and Deputy-Governors of the Bank are drawn from men actively engaged in business undertakings of their own, to which, however, they are able to give scant individual attention during the years of office. The new Deputy-Governor, to be elected next March, Mr. Cecil Lubbock, is also a Director of the London Board of the Northern Assurance Company and is a Director of the Provident Accident and Guarantee Company.

A. W. K.

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NOVEMBER 22ND–23RD.—ARMOUR AND WEAPONS, the property of Robert Coltman Clephan, Esq., deceased (author of "The Defensive Armour, &c., of Mediæval Times," 1900, and of "The Tournament," 1919), and of the Viscount Boyne, Brancepeth Castle, Durham.

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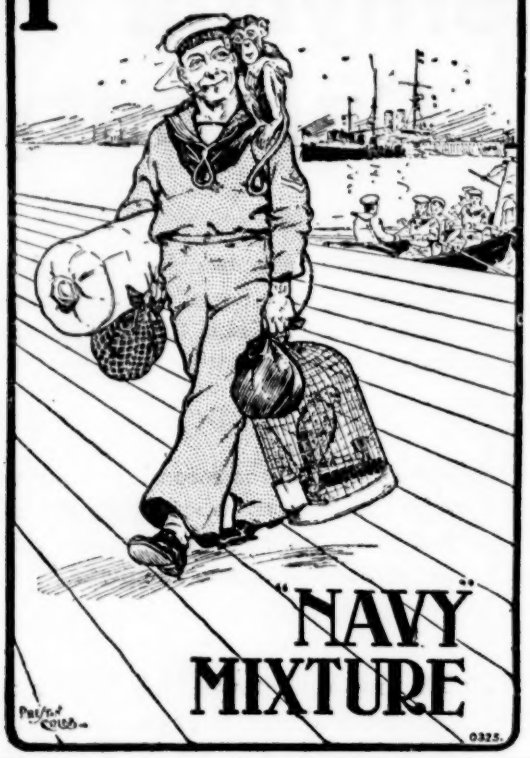

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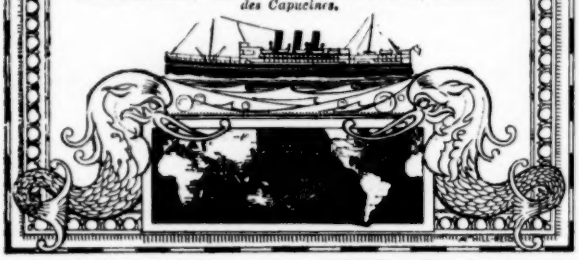

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